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THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

ABRIDGMENT AS CRITICISM: A TEXTUAL STUDY OF WILLIAM KIRBY'S THE GOLDEN DOG

by

© LEONARD VANDERVAART

A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE

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ABSTRACT

This thesis considers the unfortunate textual history, and particularly, the unfortunate history of abridgment, that William Kirby's The Golden Dog has endured.

The thesis begins with an examination of The Golden Dog's bibliographic history, a history which has yet to realize in print Kirby's intended text, and a history which has allowed four of the novel's six editions to be abridgments. The thesis then examines the most recent and available edition of The Golden Dog, published in 1969 by McClelland and Stewart in the New Canadian Library series, and abridged by Derek Crawley. The critical assumptions upon which this recent abridgment rests, the text of the novel as the edition presents it, and selections from parts of the novel omitted from the edition, are considered, and the examination concludes that abridgment has seriously distorted the novel. Finally, the thesis discusses the effect that abridgment has had upon criticism of The Golden Dog. The history of the criticism of the novel shows disturbing parallels to, and unfortunate connections with, the novel's history of abridgment; The Golden Dog has suffered a decline in large measure the result of incomplete texts.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	INTRODUCTION	1
II.	THE GOLDEN DOG: A TRADITION OF ABRIDGMENT	6
III.	THE MOST RECENT GOLDEN DOG: AN ASSESSMENT	16
IV.	CRITICISM PAST AND PRESENT, AND THE INFLUENCE OF ABRIDGMENT	51
V.	CONCLUSION	66
	NOTES	70
	BIBLIOGRAPHY	78
	APPENDIX ONE	82
	APPENDIX TWO	85
	APPENDIX THREE	88
	APPENDIX FOUR	96

PREFATORY NOTE

In this study, all quotations from the text of William Kirby's The Golden Dog not abridged in the sixth edition of the novel (McClelland and Stewart, 1969) are taken from that edition; all quotations abridged in the sixth edition are taken from a text (published in 1896 by Joseph Knight) which bibliographer Elizabeth Brady has identified as an unaltered eighth impression of the text of the first edition of the novel (Lovell, 1877). Thus, although I have been unable to obtain access to a first edition, first impression of the novel, quotation from the Joseph Knight text is, no less, quotation from the first edition of The Golden Dog. In this study, page references to quotations from the novel will appear in parentheses after the quotations, and the following will denote from which text quotations are taken:

Lov = Joseph Knight, 1896 (Lovell, 1877) edition

NCL = McClelland and Stewart, New Canadian Library, 1969 edition.

Quotation from the sixth edition risks incorporating accidental alterations; however, the procedure outlined above will emphasize the matter of substantial alteration (that is, of abridgement) from the first edition to the sixth edition, which is this study's foremost concern.

I. INTRODUCTION

In the centennial year of the publication of William Kirby's The Golden Dog, bibliographer Elizabeth Brady considered the "intriguing" yet paradoxical case of this nineteenth-century Canadian author: that "while he had many legitimate grievances as a writer" -- throughout his lifetime he was the "victim of the machinations of unscrupulous publishers" -- "neglect by the critics or by the reading public was certainly not one of them."[1] Kirby "very early won acclaim for The Golden Dog," Brady writes, and he continues "to claim our appreciation."[2] T.G. Marquis, V.D. Rhodenizer, Lorne Pierce, Desmond Pacey, A. Ch. v. Guttenberg and John Robert Sorfleet are among the twentieth-century Canadian critics who have "acknowledged both [the novel's] intrinsic literary merit as one of the finest Canadian historical novels and its salutary influence on the development of the genre in Canada," an acknowledgment begun in the previous century by Francis Parkman, J.G. Bourinot, and Sir Gilbert Parker.[3] The novel "has been published in Canada, the United States, and England; has appeared in six editions and more than sixty impressions in English; in two editions in French," and, as far as Brady can determine, "has never been out of print during the past one hundred years."[4]

If, in the novel's centennial year, Brady notes "The Golden Dog's obvious literary merit, its status for decades as a 'best seller,' and its historical importance," "it is not an occasion,"

Brady adds, that "Kirby himself would have celebrated."[5] And herein lies the paradox of Kirby's case. For in spite of the high critical acclaim, the "curious fact" remains, that "the novelist, a man whose research and other publications attest to his abiding interest in Canadian history, a man eminently qualified to write historical novels, produced only one."[6] The reason, Brady concludes, is "[t]he treatment Kirby received from his publishers and the consequent fate of the intended text of The Golden Dog," a fate which "left him an embittered man, one who would remark: 'I shall never write anything more except for my friends, for it is an unpleasant thing to have one's hard labor and mental treasures stolen from him as though they were worthless trash.'"[7]

Nor after Kirby's death have publishers of the novel made amends. Writes Brady:

> My documentation of the publishing history of The Golden Dog explains Kirby's extreme vexation and completely vindicates his persistent complaints that no edition of the novel published in his lifetime embodied his original intentions -- a problem that has been exacerbated further by later editions. In his article "Nineteenth-Century Canadian Bibliography," Professor Douglas Lochhead, in the course of describing the kind of bibliographic studies needed in this area, offered the parenthetical (but apposite) remark: "I happen to feel that it is important to have full bibliographic evidence about editions of, say, Haliburton, before one would attempt a proper edition of even his best-known work, The Clockmaker."[8]

Brady confirms William H. New's concerns, expressed in a paper given at a 1972 Conference on Editorial Problems: "However wisely publishers and editors have responded to The Golden Dog, we still do not have Kirby's own text before us."[9] New, however, sees more

far-ranging implications. He cites, for examples, the second edition after Kirby's death, published in 1925 by Musson of Toronto, in which editor T.G. Marquis "notes the 'thorough revision' that has been given the book for publication; 'patches of general and scientific information that mar the flow of the story and weary the reader' have been 'judiciously cut'"; and the sixth and most recent edition, "Derek Crawley's 1967 abridgement for the New Canadian Library [which] 'substantially reduces the original text with only (it is hoped) a minimum loss to the artistry, atmosphere and narrative'"; and New concludes: "Marquis's 'patches of general and scientific information' may, like the whaling interludes in Moby Dick, be integral to the artistry of the work. Again, they may not, but without access to them we cannot know."[10]

Both Elizabeth Brady and William New, however, have understated the problem, a potentially damaging one for both the present and on-going study of Canadian literary history and tradition. It is not merely the problem of determining "the varying degrees of textual authority"[11] each edition evinces that is of singular importance. That, of course, as Brady says, is a "requisite prolegomenon to the definitive edition,"[12] a task at which, we should be thankful to acknowledge, Brady has been working. But in spite of the very important matter of authority, and in spite of the obvious need for a definitive edition, a new and perhaps more unsettling paradox remains in the case of Kirby and The Golden Dog, a paradox which is only implicit in New's comments: that, in spite of the

novel's present bibliographic instability, both Kirby's and the novel's place in Canadian literary history and tradition seem quite stable. That Kirby and his novel warrant recognition and critical acclaim is a fact one hopes will not be challenged. What needs closer examination, however, is the method and the means that have already procured recognition and acclaim; indeed, the very acclaim itself needs investigation. The case of William Kirby's The Golden Dog is not only a bibliographer's challenge; there is room beside the bibliographer for the critic and the historian of criticism. The novel's recognition and acclaim rest, at least in part, on criticism of substantially reduced texts, an unfortunate fact, which attests to the pervasive -- if not sanctioned and entrenched -- place of abridgment in Canadian literary studies and criticism.

If, then, both the effects of abridgment on the place accorded Kirby's Golden Dog, and the possible need for re-evaluation of Kirby's novel, are to be sought, much work needs to be done. Elizabeth Brady's documentation of the bibliographic story of The Golden Dog is an important beginning. But her concern is limited to bibliographic evaluation of the novel's six editions, and she is particularly concerned with the discovery of the most authoritative readings of those editions published in Kirby's lifetime. The fact remains, however, that successive abridgments of the novel have appeared, and have already had, perhaps, an unfortunate effect. And with each successive abridgment the need for assessment and re-evaluation becomes more critical, if the increasing possibility of distortion is to be discovered, and, if necessary, checked.

First and most urgent, then, and the primary object of this study, is the assessment of the most recent abridgment of The Golden Dog. The critical assumptions and principles on which this abridgment rests will be evaluated in terms of their effect on the text. And the effect that the abridgment has had upon criticism of The Golden Dog will also be considered.

This methodology should be applied in detail to each of the previous abridgments as well; but such a task is beyond the scope of a single study. Yet the history of abridgment of The Golden Dog cannot, however, be entirely ignored. The most recent abridged version, the 1969 New Canadian Library edition, has not simply appeared, but has emerged from both bibliographic and critical traditions that have permitted and fostered accidental and substantial alteration of the text. This study, then, will also attempt to survey the textual history of The Golden Dog, with particular attention to the abridgments, and to the relationships between abridgments. And this study's consideration of criticism of The Golden Dog, as well, will try to determine the effect that continued abridgment has had on criticism past and present.

II. THE GOLDEN DOG: A TRADITION OF ABRIDGMENT

The New Canadian Library edition of The Golden Dog, abridged and introduced by Derek Crawley, and published in 1969 by McClelland and Stewart, is the most recent and available of the six editions of the novel. But it is not only because this is a substantially abridged text, and the most readily available example of an incomplete text, that it has been chosen for particular examination. Unfortunately, the NCL edition is a perversely appropriate culmination to what amounts, in effect, to a long tradition of unsatisfactory and unethical treatment of Kirby's novel -- a tradition involving at the very least mere editorial shoddiness, and at the most substantial alteration, deletion and distortion. Indeed, to survey the publishing history of The Golden Dog's English-language editions[1] is to witness, in a literary context, a process of diminishing returns. Each edition, often incorporating the inadequacies of its predecessor or predecessors, is one step further removed from Kirby's intended text. Such a survey, then, is requisite to a complete assessment of the most recent Golden Dog.

The first edition of The Golden Dog appeared in 1877 from the publishing house of Lovell, Adam, Wesson and Company (New York and Montreal). Though not abridged, the events surrounding its publication resulted in the appearance of text full of errors. To offset, somewhat at least, "call[ing] into question Lovell's integrity,"[2] it should be mentioned that Kirby was as much a victim of the publisher's failing financial situation as he was the victim

of the publisher's poor practices. "[I]t is important to remember," says Brady, that John Lovell "is an exemplary figure in the history of publisher-writer relationships; that, "[a]s founder-editor of this country's first successful literary journal, the Literary Garland," he "set a noteworthy precedent by paying his contributors," and that, as "the first Canadian publisher to commission fiction," he "actively encouraged a number of talented writers, including John Richardson, . . . Catherine Parr Traill, [and] Susanna Moodie."[3] "[T]he most likely explanation for the morass into which [Lovell] plunged Kirby," says Brady, "is simply that, owing to the pressing financial difficulties into which his firm had fallen during this period, Lovell failed to handle in a thorough-going and professional manner certain of his business negotiations."[4] The unfortunate details of the first edition's appearance need not, of course, be fully repeated here; "The Golden Dog" chapter of Lorne Pierce's biography of Kirby provides ample record of them.[5] Suffice it to say that Lovell published an edition full of errors, that he failed to secure for Kirby the Canadian copyright of the novel, and that the failure of his publishing company "caused the plates [of the novel] to fall into the hands of the creditors,"[6] leaving Kirby with even less chance of seeing his intentions realized. Kirby, as Pierce records, "was up in arms," not only because he was left without royalties, but because "[t]he fruit of years of work was threatened with frost";[7] in 1880 he wrote to R. Worthington of New York, into whose hands the plates had fallen:

> It is useless for me to find fault with you for publishing my book, nor can I prevent it, seeing that my original publishers failed to register copyright for me as they should have done. What I wish to say is that if you are going to continue the issue of it I should like it for my own sake to be corrected. The original work was got out in such a hurry by Messrs. Lovell, Wesson & Co., and was stereotyped without being revised, and contains many errors which I would willingly correct merely for the sake of seeing my work as free from error as I wrote it. If you will send me a copy I will correct it and add the preface which Lovells [sic] by oversight left out.[8]

"Worthington acknowledged the letter," writes Pierce, "but nothing was ever done."[9] The extent and kind of "errors" to which Kirby here and elsewhere refers is not certain; Brady, however, is confident that Kirby's "complaints about the first edition concern only typographical errors -- not unauthorized publisher's revisions or changes which substantively alter the meaning of the novel," and she therefore declares the edition to be "the most authoritative."[10]

From Worthington, the plates of the first edition were acquired by Joseph Knight and Company (Boston), which shortly thereafter was taken over by L.C. Page and Company (Boston). Still eager to have his book revised, in 1897 Kirby negotiated with L.C. Page for the publication of the second edition. Though under no legal obligation to Kirby, Page was eager to "bring out a new edition which [Kirby] would authorize, and so get ahead of pirate publishers."[11] Page, however, also asked "Kirby to abridge the novel to about 500 pages (from its original 678 printed pages),"[12] a condition which Kirby, of course, would not accept. "In order to obtain from Kirby the important statement of authorization,"[13]

Page reluctantly agreed to "make a new set of plates in its 'present exact form,'"[14] that is, with only a "few corrections, additions and deletions"[15] by the author. Kirby did, in fact, revise a copy and write a prefatory statement of authorization, both of which he returned to Page. Part of that statement, which appears in the second edition, reads:

> It was . . . a source of gratification to me when I was approached by Messrs. L.C. Page & Company, of Boston, with a request to revise "The Golden Dog," and re-publish it through them. The result is the present edition, which I have corrected and revised in the light of the latest developments in the history of Quebec, and which is the only edition offered to my readers with the sanction and approval of its author.[16]

Kirby may have bargained in good faith; Page did not. The revised copy Kirby sent him, in Pierce's words, "was not altogether satisfactory to the Boston firm,"[17] and Page took upon himself the task, in his own words, "of cutting out occasional sentences, or parts of paragraphs (mind after receiving the author's authority and corrected work) which will not affect the contents."[18] In actual fact, however, as Brady writes, "[v]irtually all of the textual changes which appear in the Page edition were made by the publisher and were not authorized by Kirby."[19] This edition, in fact, shows the legal theft, in Brady's calculation, "of some 96 pages (or 14%) of the original text," "hundreds of significant deletions (rarely excisions of single words and sentences), the majority being large blocks of narrative ranging from single paragraphs to an entire chapter."[20] The extent to which Kirby's own revisions and corrections were incorporated is not yet certain, (Brady concludes

that "his intervention was by no means extensive"[21]), but his response when finally he saw the edition says perhaps more than any calculation; the book, he said, was not his, "but the publisher's, a poor mutilated thing."[22]

The first edition after Kirby's death seemed to signal a change in the direction of the book's publishing history. The novel's third edition, published in 1922 by the Musson Company (Toronto), is, says Brady, "an unabridged reprinting (from a new typesetting) of the first which, although much closer to it in substantive readings, introduces a score of accidental alterations deriving largely from the publisher's house style."[23]

In 1925, however, Musson deemed it "necessary to give the book a thorough revision."[24] As the novel's next editor, T.G. Marquis, explains in the Introduction to this fourth, "school" edition:

> Many errors, especially in the spelling of proper names, were found, and these have been corrected. The author gathered together a vast amount of information bearing on the period of his story and of his characters. He saw fit, after the manner of Sir Walter Scott, to incorporate this into his novel. As a result, The Golden Dog, as originally published, contains patches of general and scientific information that mar the flow of the story and weary the reader. Much of this has been judiciously cut out, but nothing has been omitted that is essential to the narrative.[25]

Just what is essential to the narrative seems to have become the most pressing concern of subsequent publishers of the novel. E.C. Woodley, M.A., editor of the slim fifth edition, published by Macmillan of Canada in the St. Martin's Classics series (1936), says in his Introduction that there are "two complete tales" in the

novel, one, "the real story of the Golden Dog," "the struggle between the forces of honesty and corruption in New France just before the conquest," the other, "the dark tragedy of Caroline of Beaumanoir."[26] "It is quite possible to separate these tales," explains Woodley, and indeed he does so, eliminating, or rather paraphrasing, the latter. The less said about this edition the better. Woodley's "diligent efforts to produce a text sufficiently short and morally inoffensive for the secondary school student" -- the edition is "[a]uthorized by the Ministers of Education for British Columbia, Quebec and Nova Scotia"[27] -- comments Brady, "betrays" the editor's "disturbing inability to read the novel."[28]

The sixth edition of the novel, the 1969 McClelland and Stewart, New Canadian Library edition, the edition, of course, with which we are primarily concerned, is "the only Golden Dog currently in print and readily available to teachers and students."[29] "In this newly abridged version," the comment on the cover boasts, Derek Crawley has cut The Golden Dog to half its original (and somewhat alarming) length of 678 pages, without losing any of its essential tempo and colour."[30] "If this hasn't sufficiently undermined one's confidence in the reliability of the New Canadian Library version," says Brady, Crawley's "Note on the Author concludes: 'Kirby revised the book for the authorized edition, which finally appeared in 1896.'"[31] Comments Brady:

> The revised edition (1897) did not, of course, have Kirby's authoirty [sic], and the 1896 publication (in which the novelist did not intervene) was simply a reprint of the first edition. The NCL version retains all the distortions of the Page edition and contributes a host of its own.[32]

Brady's misgivings are appropriate, even more so than she suspects, however, for she has been too trusting of Crawley. Just because the NCL mentions (however erroneously) the "authorized" second edition, does not mean that it has served copy-text for the NCL. With the exception of a few obvious errors which Crawley has corrected, the NCL in accidentals is identical, not to Page's second edition, but to T.G. Marquis's (Musson) fourth edition. And Marquis in his turn, again in accidentals, sometimes follows the Page second edition, sometimes follows the Musson third edition, or introduces his own. (See Appendix One.) The NCL version retains, then, not the distortions of the Page edition, but the greater distortions of the Marquis edition. That, in fact, the Marquis edition has served as copy-text for the Crawley edition is obvious when the matter of substantive alterations (that is, primarily of abridgment) is pursued. To the word, all of the material that Marquis has abridged, Crawley has also abridged. Nor does the matter rest there. Marquis, in his turn, has abridged a good portion (in my calculation, 79 of 231 substantive alterations, or about one-third) of the material that Page first abridged, which, of course, leaves the question of Marquis's copy-text unresolved, but which, to Marquis's credit perhaps, shows that he, unlike Crawley, has been judicious and selective in using his predecessors as the basis for his edition. Crawley, from all appearances, has accepted indiscriminately Marquis's abridgment and the implicit critical principles upon which that abridgment rests. The NCL cover's boast, then, that it is

"newly abridged" is hardly the whole truth; generally speaking, Derek Crawley and the New Canadian Library have seen fit to provide our "teachers and students" with an abridgment of an abridgment of an abridgment.

Whatever inadequacies may, however, be implicit in a purely bibliographic consideration of the NCL version, Crawley, like his predecessors, explicitly believes that abridgment of The Golden Dog is a defensible task. "The quality of the [novel's] romance is widely acknowledged," begins the NCL Introduction's short apologia for, and explanation of the rationale for, the abridgment: "[f]ortunately," according to Crawley, Kirby's is a romance that "lends itself to cutting, especially if we consider the tastes of the modern reader."[33] The novel, he continues, has many excesses: too many characters with "almost no relevance to the main story lines"; too many "sticky love scenes"; and too much historical and sociological detail: "what T.S. Eliot said of Jonson's plays can be said to Kirby's famous work: it is 'accepted' but tends only to be 'read by historians and antiquaries." Where possible, then, says Crawley, "the historical details not directly related to characters and events in the story have been reduced."[34] And the result is, he maintains, an edition of less "discouraging length for the average reader" -- "substantially reduc[ed] . . . with only (it is hoped) a minimum loss to the artistry, atmosphere and narrative. So now there is little excuse for leaving this famous story unread!"[35]

There may be little excuse, but there remains, it seems,

very little reason, given a work, the convenient and ready abridgment of which, must certainly betoken, at best, a poor novelist. Indeed, Crawley is left in the unenviable position of now having to explain why, in fact, the story should be read, why it should yet be considered "famous," and how it yet may be "relevant" to a "modern" reading public. His dilemma is perhaps inherent in the very act of "substantially" reducing a "famous" work;[36] nor is it a task made easier by the principles of the publisher. For while on the one hand pandering to the "average," "modern" reader, on the other hand the New Canadian Library Series is directed at the academic market. It comes as no surprise, then, to find Crawley's Introduction become progressively equivocal and contradictory; to find him, for example, within a breath of having excused Kirby's historical excesses and of having explained their omission from his text, suddenly extolling Kirby's "remarkable insights into the life of the period," and, indeed, making those very insights the missing point of relevance,presumably, to both the average reader and modern student:

> At a time when the two cultures of Canada are making an important adjustment one to the other it is fitting that a romance by an English-born Canadian who was warmly sympathetic to French Canada should be republished. Kirby found nothing contradictory in being strongly Loyalist and a lover of the traditions, language and history of Quebec. . . . Although Canadian writers of Kirby's day were fond of writing about old Quebec, none had either his knowledge of historical setting or his remarkable insights into the life of that period.[37]

Indeed, the book's historical content and context is now not at all a liability; to the author it is a source of recognition and esteem,

and to the "republisher" a source of self-congratulation.

A carefully reasoned, defensible assessment of what is and what is not good about a novel, of what is and what is not essential to a novel, is, one would hope, an important precondition to a successful abridgment of the work. Crawley, the Introduction would indicate, is incapable of this. Indeed, the inadequacies of the Introduction and the disturbing implications of the bibliographic evidence do not bode well for the edition's success. But it is, finally, to the abridgment itself that we must go, and on the evaluation of which the measure of success or failure must be dependent.

III. THE MOST RECENT GOLDEN DOG: AN ASSESSMENT

"The Golden Dog may be said to centre around the love stories of two women -- Angelique and Amelie,"[1] says Crawley in his Introduction. The NCL Golden Dog, however, may well be said to centre around the love story of only one of the women -- Angelique -- and it is not difficult to anticipate the reasons for the abridgment's changed emphasis. The "fair Amelie de Repentigny," the novel's heroine, whose figure of "perfect symmetry" moved "with the charms of a thousand graces," and in whose eyes, "gentle, frank, and modest -- looking tenderly on all things innocent, fearlessly on all things harmful" -- "you might read the tokens of a rare and noble character" (NCL, 15), is, as A. Ch. v. Guttenberg concedes, little "more than a Sunday School heroine."[2] As Crawley apologizes for Kirby: "Perfection is always difficult to make interesting."[3] His apology, however, is also for the extensive deletions to do with Amelie and her story, quite another matter. For, whatever the limitations of her "maidenly innocen[ce],"[4] she is connected, in her love for Pierre Philibert and in social context, to one of the central forces of the novel -- the historically drawn, socio-economic and political force of the Golden Dog itself. Pierre is the "manly" son of the Bourgeois Philibert, "the great and wealthy merchant" of the Golden Dog, the people's champion against the "odious monopolies" (NCL, 66) of the

historically infamous Royal Intendant Francois Bigot and his "Grand Company of Associates trading in New France" (Lov, 56). So, at least, their charter names them. The "Friponne -- the swindle" (Lov, 35), or "in their plain Norman," the "Grand Company of Thieves," the people name them, for the Company robs the 'honnetes gens' "in the King's name, and under pretence of maintaining the war [between England and France], passed the most arbitrary decrees, the only object of which was to enrich themselves and their higher patrons at the Court of Versailles" (Lov, 56). Nor is the conflict between the Golden Dog and the Friponne a mere background conflict. The climax of the plot, in fact, is the death of the Bourgeois arranged by Bigot, a political assassination, then, which has repercussions not only for the characters (Amelie, for example, dies because of the murder), but for the colony of New France itself. The love plot and the political plot mutually produce and reinforce "the collapse of the hopes of the lovers and of New France itself," says John Robert Sorfleet; "the interaction between characters is integrally related to the larger social framework of which each is a part."[5] Whatever the limitations of Amelie's characterization and story, Crawley, in not looking beyond character and story, and in merely dismissing "Amelie and her love story" as "much less interest[ing]" than Angelique and her story, clearly leaves room for challenge. Crawley's re-centering of The Golden Dog around the story of Angelique, perhaps the most general change that he makes, shows his interest in basic character

and simple plot, and his disregard of larger, historical concerns. It is an interest and a changed emphasis, one may contend, that distorts not only Kirby's intention but the true significance of the novel itself.

It is not, of course, for the sake of omission itself, that Crawley reduces Amelie's story to outline form; rather, it is to highlight the story of Angelique. Angelique des Meloises, "cold and calculating under the warm passions of a voluptuous nature," though "not by nature bad," is "vain, selfish and aspiring" (NCL, 23); certainly, in terms of Crawley's critical dictum about perfection, a more interesting character. She is in love (at least to the extent that she is able to love) with Amelie's brother, Le Gardeur de Repentigny. True to her selfish and aspiring character, however, she sacrifices that love for ambition: "the Royal Intendant was at her feet. France and its courtly splendors and court intrigues opened vistas of grandeur to her aspiring and unscrupulous ambition" (NCL, 111). Although Bigot is attracted to Angelique, and, especially, to her ambition -- "La Pompadour is a simpleton beside Angelique des Meloises!" (NCL, 248) -- Bigot is yet too fearful of provoking the wrath of his Versailles patroness, La Pompadour, to marry Angelique. Moreover, their affair is complicated by the presence of the Acadian, Caroline de St. Castin, another maidenly innocent, who has fallen in love with Bigot when he was Army Commissary of Acadia. Her devotion to Bigot, whom she knows to be unworthy of her love, is her one weakness, but it is a great one, for it has led her, in disobedience to her father, to

follow Bigot to Quebec, where, hidden in the secret chambers below Bigot's castle Beaumanoir, and racked by "self-accusation," she prays for a change in his character. Angelique, however, discovering the presence and identity of the mysterious woman of Beaumanoir, in jealousy plots to, and with the help of the witch-figure La Corriveau, succeeds in murdering Caroline. The scheme fails Angelique for she has been unaware of La Pompadour's influence over Bigot. And when Bigot discovers the body, which he buries in as much secret as he has sheltered her when alive, he suspects Angelique and is even less willing to marry her.

It cannot be denied that such a character and story are ripe material for melodrama and sensationalism at the very least, and Gothic and Romantic treatment at the most; it is, indeed, from this inherent possibility that Crawley, perhaps unwittingly, begins his abridgment. Most of the Introduction's short critique of the novel proper is devoted to analysis of Angelique, her "bold action," her readiness nevertheless "to accept the consequences of her acts," in short: the "rending contradictions" of a character "consistently the overreacher."[6] Of course, that the simple sketch of Angelique's psychological struggle is an exploration of the novel's Gothic or Romantic possibilities is something that Crawley would, and, in fact does, deny. But there is a slight irony here. For, however much in the Introduction he belittles the simple sentimental romance (of the Amelie-Pierre story), and de-emphasizes The Golden Dog's Romantic and "Gothic-novel quality,"[7] Crawley's interest itself is a sort of neo-Romantic interest in the gothic. Margot Northey's

"Decorative Gothic: The Golden Dog," in her Haunted Wilderness; The Gothic and Grotesque in Canadian Fiction[8] is a good example of Crawley's criticism and approach taken to its logical extreme. That her criticism of the novel can be seen as a complement to Crawley's is strongly indicated by her unquestioning use of the NCL reprint. "In this discussion the text used," says one of her footnotes,

> will be William Kirby, FRSC, The Golden Dog (Le Chien d'or: A Romance of Old Quebec (Toronto 1969). This recent edition, abridged from the original 1877 edition of 678 pages, omits chapters which hinder the flow of the narrative, or serve only to add more details of local life. Derek Crawley discusses the "minimum loss of artistry, atmosphere and narrative" resulting from this abridgment in his introduction to the NCL edition.[9]

"The Golden Dog," writes Northey, has "obviously fantastic, gothic motifs of the European variety":

> Here is the conventional crumbling castle, in this case the chateau of Beaumanoir, that sinister centre of intrigue. The gothic villain, in European and English fiction often a member of the aristocracy, has in this tale both a male and a female version. Both Intendant Bigot and Angelique are seductive types whose hold over others amounts almost to a spell. . . . As one often finds in a gothic tale, there is in The Golden Dog the witch, La Corriveau, with "claws like a Harpy," whose evil is associated with her "sharp intellect" and craft.[10]

In spite of all the right accoutrements, however, says Northey, the "traditional gothic motifs seem . . . ornamental props which have no affecting power"; they "are not naturalized, but are foreign."[11] The "traditional European motifs of crumbling castle and shadowy corridors, pursued heroine and pursuing villain," she says, quoting Leslie Fiedler's Love and Death in the American Novel, are "symbolic embodiments of 'the guilt of the revolutionary haunted by the (paternal) past which he has been trying to destroy.'"[12] "Canadians,

like Americans," however, says Northey, "are more aroused by the menace of nature symbolized by the forest than by the menace of the past symbolized by the haunted castle." And The Golden Dog, she rightly adds, is not "essentially revolutionary in spirit":

> . . . despite their position in French-Canadian history, Bigot and his chateau as symbols did not have a real potential for terror for the French Canadian of the nineteenth century. Still bound in spirit to traditional authority, the dominant attitude of French Canada was conservative, not revolutionary. Kirby shares this attitude. As a result, the aristocratic ghosts of the past could not really haunt or terrify with the same force as could the symbolic threat of the forest or the Indian.[13]

"[I]f The Golden Dog was written as a gothic expression of the darker side of life," says Northey, "then it fails."[14] Northey's conclusion, like her study, is revealing, though perhaps not for reasons that she intends. The Golden Dog is not a failed symbolic or psychological novel, for it is not Kirby's intention that it should be a symbolic or psychological novel, in either nineteenth- or twentieth-century gothic. Instead, it is the critical approach that has failed the novel. That Kirby tries for, and often attains, an amount of psychological verisimilitude cannot be denied. Nor, in fact, does Northey deny it: Angelique's moments of "dreaming or introspection," she says, "show real feeling of demonic darkness."[15] But it is quite another matter to hold, either explicitly in criticism or, more damagingly, implicitly in abridgment, that "gothic expression" or psychological realism is Kirby's first goal.

And Crawley's abridgment is consistent with the critical emphasis of his introduction; he is intent upon isolating Angelique

from the novel's larger thematic and moral concerns, upon objectifying the warring aspects of her psychological drama. This he tries, as we have mentioned, largely through the omission of "unrelated" material. But there are still aspects of Kirby's original and intended characterization of Angelique that run counter to his single purpose. On occasion, Kirby will interrupt the narrative, in nineteenth-century novelistic fashion, to comment on the character and events. When the idea of murder first enters Angelique's thoughts, for example, Kirby "intrudes":

> The first suggestion of sin comes creeping in an hour of moral darkness, like a feeble mendicant who craves admission to a corner of our fireside. We let him in, warm and nourish him. We talk and trifle with him from our high seat, thinking no harm or danger. But woe to us if we let the secret assassin lodge under our roof! He will rise up stealthily at midnight, and strangle conscience in her bed, murder the sleeping watchman of uprightness, lulled to rest by the opiate of strong desire. (Lov, 159)

Crawley omits this short paragraph. And when Angelique begins to realize, shortly after, that her bold plan means "sacrificing [Le Gardeur] to a false idol of ambition and vanity," Kirby again interrupts, and the observation is also omitted by Crawley:

> The struggle was an old one; old as the race of man. In the losing battle between the false and the true, love rarely comes out of the conflict unshorn of life or limb. Untrue to [Le Gardeur], she was true to her selfish self. (Lov, 162)

While such "intrusive" comment is opposite to present standards and expectations of fiction -- it is "telling" rather than "showing," to use the distinction of Wayne Booth's Rhetoric of Fiction[16] -- only the name of Booth's important study need be mentioned to remind

us that the question, of where, when, how, and how much of the author's presence is good in fiction, is anything but settled. All the novelist's writing is rhetoric of fiction; "nothing the writer does can be finally understood in isolation from his effort to make it all accessible to someone else," writes Booth; "[t]he novel comes into existence as something communicable, and the means of communication are not shameful intrusions unless they are done with shameful ineptitude."[17]

If Kirby is guilty of anything in these examples, it is, perhaps, the sin of ineptitude -- they may be too obvious to be good -- but the question of how well or how poorly written or integrated these "intrusions" may be seems not Crawley's major concern. (There are many such passages in the novel, and many which show Kirby quite capable of more subtle expression, more closely keyed to the psychological and moral drama at hand; wherever possible, Crawley has removed them.) The more obvious examples, in fact, are the best indication of what in Crawley's changed emphasis of the novel is a decided limitation -- their didactic, or rather, moral intent. Crawley is interested in objectifying psychology; Kirby is not.

The authorial interruptions to do with Angelique are a part of the novel's larger moral framework, a framework which in the complete Golden Dog is more important than psychological verisimilitude, a framework which, however, in the NCL Golden Dog is drastically diminished. The story of Amelie, in fact, is itself part of that framework. We have already conceded the limitations

of Amelie's characterization as a "maidenly innocent," who, to complete Guttenberg's summation of her, sheds

> tears which are either bitter or suffused with joy, whose exquisite form has only lissom movements, whose cheek glows or crimsons, whose bosom is agitated, whose feet are dainty and ankles trim, whose countenance is radiant and whose voice tinkles with continuous laughter. Her most womanly quality is curiosity, her most feminine a quite genteel perversity. . . .[18]

And through all the convention and sentimentality we see in both Amelie and Pierre an ideal of (proposed) matrimonial harmony: "One mind, one hope, and one desire possessed them -- to be all in all to one another; to study each other's inmost character, an easy task when instead of concealment, each loved to guide the other to a perfect understanding." (Lov, 582) Yet, if for nothing else, their characters are important for moral contrast in the novel; their story is, in effect, the "implied author"[19] guiding, or rather, demanding, the reader to judge the immoral lives of the other figures, primarily of Angelique and Bigot. This intentional force of contrast is clear from the novel's opening. Angelique and Amelie, though "equal in beauty, grace and accomplishments," we read in the second chapter, are "unlike in character and in destiny. The currents of their lives ran smoothly together at the beginning. How widely was to be the ending of them!" (NCL, 16)

And through the course of the novel: if Amelie has given her love to Pierre, Angelique will not give hers to Le Gardeur; if Amelie and Pierre "study each other's inmost character," Angelique and her aspiring lovers play games of concealment; if Amelie's life

has been and will be "one prayer for [Pierre's] happiness, Angelique prays to "devils [that] whispered in her ears the words which gave shape and substance to her [own] secret wishes (NCL, 166); and if Pierre is to Amelie at once "one of those disembodied saints or angels, whose pictures looked down from the wall of the convent chapel," and "a man beautiful, brave, honorable, and worthy any woman's love" (Lov, 295), Angelique regards her lover, in this case De Pean, "as a lady regards her pet spaniel. He was most useful to fetch and carry -- to stand on his hind feet and turn the whirligig of her fancy when she had no better company." (Lov, 580-581)

Were Kirby's intention, however, only contrast of simple good and evil, the mere dividing of characters "quite clearly," as Pacey says, "into the sheep and the goats,"[20] Crawley's Golden Dog might be the better version. Though clear contrast is part of his intention, the morality is much more complexly developed and represented. And although, as simple characters in a simple romance, the Amelie-Pierre story has little significance beyond the obvious, they are presented and drawn in a complex social, historical and moral context.

"Life is divided into triads of epochs," Kirby begins Chapter Fifty-two, the last scene of Amelie and Pierre's courtship in the novel, entirely omitted by Crawley:

> Life is divided into triads of epochs -- youth, manhood, age; birth, marriage and death. Each epoch has its own progress from morning to noon, and from noon to night, as if our moral and physical state retained in their changes an image and reflection of the great never-ending, ever-beginning revolution of the sun.

> The father rejoices in his children. They will live upon the earth after him, and in their eyes he will still see the pleasant light of day. Man turns towards the woman whom he has selected from among the many possible women he might have loved, and she calls herself for a while, perhaps forever, blessed among women. (Lov, 581)

This is not Kirby writing at his best, but as the reader sorts through the apparently empty rhetoric, abstraction, convention and sentimentality (which leads finally to the engaged lovers), he discovers a seriousness in intent and thought, that in its fullness is essential to the novel and cannot be ignored. With careful, almost paradoxical, juxtapositioning of opposites -- progress and permanence, mortality and eternity, the physical and the metaphysical, the natural and the moral -- the chapter's opening invocation is a capsule expression of the novel and the novelist's sense of life and history, Kirby's "historical awareness," as Sorfleet in part interprets it -- the awareness of history as "an 'uninterrupted process of change' in which the past functions as a necessary 'precondition of the present.'"[21] But this appreciation is not merely of the larger history of human events, political, economic or social; it is an understanding of history both public and private, both social and personal, which changes and progresses, ideally, both naturally and morally. And Life's division into "triads of epochs" is not rhetorical accident. Appropriate already to the complete sense of history, past, present, and future, it affirms, in fact, the whole novel's careful structure; as Sorfleet says:

> . . . the main action of Kirby's Golden Dog . . . is contained in a six-month period from summer to winter of

> 1748. Even in this small matter, Kirby's ability as artist and historical novelist is evinced. In artistic terms, the action of novel proceeds from beauteous estival promise through the brief glory of St. Martin's summer [the Bourgeois Philibert is killed on St. Martin's Day] to the desolation of winter; the parallel of the seasonal progress with the fates of the lovers, the honnetes gens, and New France itself is obvious.[22]

In this complex sense of history, marriage itself, which is finally what the chapter is about, is a particular concern of the novel. It is easy, too easy, to dismiss the novel's love stories as simple romances, for like Jane Austen's Emma, the book, in one respect, though not firstly or primarily, is about marriage. In the basic plot, this topic or theme is represented negatively but realistically. Caroline de St. Castin, Kirby says (in a passage abridged by Crawley), is the "only one who . . . might by her sweet influences have made a better and nobler man" of Bigot, "might have checked his career of extravagance and corruption, and turned his undoubted talents to the benefit instead of to the ruin of New France"; "[b]ut it was not to be!" (Lov, 516) And had Angelique been receptive to Le Gardeur's passionate proposals, Kirby similarly suggests (in a passage also abridged), "all might have ended in kisses and tears of joy, and this tragical history had had no foundation. But it was not to be!" (Lov, 248) On the surface, these may seem simple affirmations of the proverbial benefits of hindsight, but in the larger scheme of the novel, in which characters are at once morally responsible for their choices and caught up in the flow of larger historical evil, they attest once more to Kirby's historical consciousness, in which, as Sorfleet once again says, "history is not

isolated from the individual but rather reacts with him -- he both affects (to a small degree) and is affected (to a larger degree) by those forces which are making the present what it is."[23] In terms even of basic plot, then, Angelique's and Bigot's stories are not ideal, moral or natural representations, but very real, complexly immoral and unnatural representations of truth "stranger than fiction" (NCL, 320), as the novel's concluding paragraph says, that is, life itself.

In terms of character, as well, the connections to the theme or topic of marriage and love are everywhere; again, however, they are not, for the most, idealized but are realistically drawn. If Crawley is attracted to psychological realism, in fact, he might turn, not to Angelique only, but to some lesser figures in whom this concern is convincingly expressed. Quiet, sullen, and cunning, De Pean, for example, who "cherished hopes" for both Amelie and Angelique, is a fascinating portrait of selfish and frustrated sexual desire; Crawley, however, has represented De Pean only insofar as he is important to the plot. In one scene (Lov, 430-432), typically abridged, we see De Pean when he "once and but once, essayed to approach Amelie with gallantry, a hair breadth only beyond the rigid boundary line of ordinary politeness," and "he received a repulse so quick, so unspoken and invisible, yet he felt it like a sudden paralysis of his powers of pleasing." (Lov, 431) The scene shows in fine relief a "soul too small to bear with equanimity the annihilation" of its vanity. The repulse, in fact, is in large part the motivation for actions in the plot retained by

Crawley: "De Pean imagined that he had found a way to revenge himself upon Le Gardeur and Amelie -- each for thwarting him in a scheme of love or fortune." (Lov, 435) And De Pean's "love" for Angelique is so base as to be pathetic. Though envious of her love for Le Gardeur, he remains vainly unconcerned. Le Gardeur "will not be your last admirer," he tells Angelique (in a short, abridged scene; Lov, 347-348), "with what he considered a seductive leer which made her laugh at him. 'In the kingdom of love as in the kingdom of heaven, the last shall be first, and the first last. May I be the last Mademoiselle?'" The response he receives from Angelique, who loathes him but uses him to her own amorous ends -- "[y]ou will certainly be the last, De Pean; I promise that" (Lov, 347) -- is a fine irony at both their expenses. In the novel and in history, Angelique finally "accepted the hand of the Chevalier de Pean" while remaining "the recognized mistress of the Intendant" (NCL, 317).

But in The Golden Dog pure psychology is hardly separate from social psychology and morality, and larger historical social concerns. In several characters the theme or topic of marriage can be seen in a larger dimension, embracing as well, for example, concerns such as the status and role of women. La Corriveau, who for Crawley is attractive as a gothic type, and who, then, he has reduced to suit her gothic role in the plot, is more interesting for her malignant hatred of men.

As Angelique proposes to do, she has married only for convenience (we learn only in the full text): "I wanted a husband, and he wanted my money, that was all; and I got my bargain, and his

too," she says, laughing "savagely" (Lov, 375). Her husband, "dear old Uncle Dodier," indeed has the worst of the bargain; he forever cowers in the background, in trepidation of his wife, daring not even to speak to her. But her hatred of men and conception of marriage -- "Satan yokes people together to bring more sinners into the world" (Lov, 375) -- is interestingly matched by her hatred of herself and of her own sex.

Some of the most psychologically and socially interesting passages are those, abridged by Crawley, in which La Corriveau converses and plots with her accomplices, Mere Malheur, who barely appears in the NCL version, and Dame Trembly, Bigot's "charming" housekeeper, whose presence in the NCL is also kept to a minimum. "La Corriveau was ever a welcome guest at the house of Mere Malheur, who feasted her lavishly, and served her obseqiously, but did not press with undue curiosity to learn her business," begins one scene in which La Corriveau comes to ask her friend's help in the plot to murder Caroline:

> ". . . I have something on hand which I cannot accomplish alone, and I need your help, although I cannot tell you yet, how or against whom."
>
> "Is it a woman or a man? I will only ask that question, Dame Dodier," said the crone, turning upon her a pair of green inquisitive eyes.
>
> "It is a woman, and so of course you will help me. Our sex for the bottom of all mischief, Mere Malheur! I do not know what women are made for except to plague one another for the sake of worthless men!"
>
> The old crone laughed a hideous laugh, and playfully pushed her fingers into the ribs of La Corriveau. "Made for! quotha! men's temptations to be sure, and the beginning of all mischief!"
>
> "Pretty temptations, you and I are Mere Malheur!" replied La Corriveau with a scornful laugh.

> "Well, we were pretty temptations once! I will never give up that! You must own, Dame Dodier, we were both pretty temptations once!"
> "Pshaw! I wish I had been a man for my part," replied La Corriveau, impetuously. "It was a spiteful cross of fate to make me a woman!" (Lov, 453)

Both women, obviously, lead unnatural lives and we are to judge them, of course, as reprehensible. But that their unnatural and immoral lives are entirely theirs by choice, is not so clear. Dame Tremblay, a fellow "crone," and a mellowed, more comic version of these two -- she is "shrewd as became the whilom Charming Josephine of Lake Beauport, [but she has] a kind heart, nevertheless, under her old-fashioned bodice" -- is one of the most sensitively-drawn comic types of the novel. She has also married for money, but now, is only the "bedmaker at Beaumanoir," where she lives in the memory of her past, when, as "the Charming Josephine of Lake Beauport, [she] could wind men like a thread round which finger [she] liked" (Lov, 462). Her part in the novel is not merely one of "comic relief,"[24] as Desmond Pacey suggests all Kirby's types are. While comic, she is a pathetic victim of "the fashion of these times," when "[l]ove is more plenty than matrimony, both at Paris and at Quebec, at Versailles as well as at Beaumanoir, or even at Lake Beauport (Lov, 145)." As in one moment of clear-sightedness she says, her story "is instructive":

> "When I was the Charming Josephine of Lake Beauport, I began by believing that men were angels, sent for the salvation of us women. I thought that love was a better passport than money to lead to matrimony; but I was a fool for my fancy! I had my score of lovers any day. The gallants praised my beauty, and it was the envy of the city; they flattered me for my

> wit, nay, even fought duels for my favor, and called me the Charming Josephine! -- but not one offered to marry me! At twenty, I ran away for love, and was forsaken. At thirty, I married for money and was rid of all my illusions. At forty, I came as housekeeper to Beaumanoir, and have lived here comfortably ever since. (Lov, 146)

While, then, in the minor theme of marriage, which is particularly associated with the Amelie-Pierre story, Kirby's larger sense of history begins to be revealed, it is in the "political plot," in the social, economic, and political conflict between the Friponne and the Golden Dog, that his "historical awareness" is most fully developed and fully revealed. But, here again, Crawley's abridgments are a definite limitation. For, as with Angelique, Crawley is especially interested in Bigot's evil singularity of character, and he has abridged to suit that interest. Angelique's story, however, is in a sense conveniently isolated from the larger historical political and economic concerns of the novel; Bigot, as his part in the political murder of the Bourgeois already shows, is not. To say that the Angelique-centered story is somehow apart from the book's larger concerns is not to say, of course, that the story is not integral to The Golden Dog. However psychologically convincing and real, and however much it begins, directly or by inference, to raise larger social questions, the Angelique-Bigot affair, the climax of which is the secret murder of Caroline, remains essentially a tale of private immorality. This private evil is paralleled, however, and, in fact, receives full, complex and far-ranging representation in the political plot, the climax of which is the market-place murder of the Bourgeois Philibert. Bigot, then, is the connecting figure;

he bestrides both the public and private plots. But it is his part in the Angelique story that Crawley chooses to emphasize, at the expense of the larger sense of evil of which he is a part.

That this is Crawley's intention is obvious in the deletions from the chapter which first introduces Bigot. The reader first sights him seated at a "magnificent table" in "the great hall" of Chateau Beaumanoir, where he heads "a score or more of revelers -- in the garb of gentlemen, but all in disorder and soiled with wine, -- their countenances . . . inflamed, their eyes red and fiery, their tongues loose and loquacious" (NCL, 35). In the midst of this "bacchanalian frenzy," Kirby begins introductions: "first in place as in rank, sat Francois Bigot," his "countenance . . . far from comley -- nay, when in repose, even ugly and repulsive, -- but his eyes were magnets that drew men's looks towards him, for in them lay the force of a powerful will and a depth and subtlety of intellect that made men fear, if they could not love him" (NCL, 35-36); "On the right of the Intendant sat his bosom friend, the Sieur Cadet, a large, sensual man," once a "butcher in Quebec," but "now, for the misfortune of his country, Chief Commissary of the Army"; "On the left of the Intendant sat his secretary, De Pean, crafty and unscrupulous, a parasite too, who flattered his master and ministered to his pleasures" (NCL, 36). Cadet, like De Pean, becomes a significant figure in the novel; he is instrumental, for example, in concealing the murder and burial of Caroline in Beaumanoir. The NCL retains, then, the introduction of the three leaders but leaves the complete text to introduce the lesser

Associates of the Grand Company:

> Le Mercier too was there, Commandant of Artillery, a brave officer, but a bad man; Varin, a proud arrogant libertine, Commissary of Montreal, who outdid Bigot in rapine and Cadet in coarseness; De Breard, Comptroller of the Marine, a worthy associate of Penisault, whose pinched features and cunning leer were in keeping with his important office of chief manager of the Friponne; Perrault, D'Estebe, Morin and Vergor, all creatures of the Intendant, swelled the roll of infany. . . . (Lov, 55-56)

The short omission, though it seems innocent enough, sets the pattern for abridgment of the political plot, and shows, once more, Crawley's single-minded interest in character and plot. Although the lesser Associates have little or no direct connection to the plot, their recorded presence is not merely Kirby's obsession with detail and historical accuracy. Indeed, their very titles infer the extent of the Grand Company's influence, through all branches of the military and into the economic heart of New France. Crawley rejoins the introductions, oddly it seems, when Kirby describes, finally, "the rest of the company," the hangers-on, in effect, the "dissolute seigneurs and gallants of fashion about town" (NCL, 37). The abridger's preference soon makes sense, however, for in the midst of the group of idle gallants is Le Gardeur de Repentigny, whom Bigot wants "to win over . . . to the Grand Company." The chapter, in fact, is about the "seduction" of Le Gardeur, an important start to the plot, then, for it is Le Gardeur whom finally Bigot manages to manipulate to murder the Bourgeois.

Just as much to begin the plot, however, the chapter serves to introduce the reader to the larger and far-reaching evils of

Bigot and the Friponne. And just before Bigot gets on with drawing Le Gardeur "into the vortex of . . . splendid dissipation," the lesser Associates, Bigot's political puppets, for a moment come alive in a vignette of disturbing historical reality. (See Appendix Two; the entire passage, excepting the parts underscored, is omitted in the NCL Golden Dog.)

With its vivid representation of regional loyalties and rivalries and the peasant's subservient patriotism, the passage shows Kirby writing at his best and is also an important and disturbing example of the Grand Company's real ruthlessness. But the incident recounted is not unrelated to character and plot. For just as important as the incident itself, is Bigot's shadowy presence behind the affair, his cunning ability to direct such a company of self-seekers to such dire political, economic and social ends, an ability which in the plot finally ends in the murder of the Bourgeois and the "ruin of the colony." And although Crawley is intent, through such omission of seemingly extraneous material, upon focusing on Bigot's evil genius, the very reverse occurs, as one need only read the passage as the NCL reproduces it to see:

> "La Pompadour! La Pompadour!" Every tongue repeated the name, the goblets were drained to the bottoms, and a thunder of applause and clattering of glasses followed the toast of the mistress of Louis XV, who was the special protectress of the Grand Company -- a goodly share of whose profit in the monopoly of trade in New France was thrown into the lap of a powerful favorite.
>
> The Intendant rose up, and holding a brimming glass in his hand, chanted in full musical voice a favorite ditty of the day:
>
> "Amis! dans ma bouteille
> Voila le vin de France!
> . . . (NCL, 37-38)

Here, and in the remainder of the NCL chapter, we still see the life of "splendid dissipation," but gone is the larger sense of Bigot's and the Friponne's far-reaching political cunning.

And so Crawley's abridgment of the political plot continues. When next we meet Bigot, for example, it is as he and the same company of guests, now hurriedly sobered, make their way to a Council of War, called by the noble and patriotic Governor of New France, Count de la Galissoniere. As the entourage rides through the streets of Quebec, "still flushed," "noisy," "reckless," and "defiant," they attract a jeering mob of habitants, and a riot seems imminent. "The whole troop plunged madly at the crowd striking right and left with their heavy hunting whips. A violent scuffle ensued; many habitans were ridden down" (NCL, 72). The situation is saved from "bloody catastrophe," however, by the quick action of the Governor's troops, who escort the "Intendant and his cortege of friends . . . into the court-yard of the Chateau of St. Louis," where, "dishevelled, bespattered, . . . foaming with rage," with "heavy trampling of feet, clattering of scabbords and a bedlam of angry tongues [they] burst into the Council Chamber" (NCL, 73-74). Crawley makes the most of this dramatic entrance, an effective lead into what in the NCL remains, however dramatic, a simple clash of good and evil forces. We see, immediately following, Bigot in heated dispute with the Governor, Pierre Philibert and La Corne St. Luc over Bigot's charge of the Bourgeois "with sowing the sedition that caused the riot" (NCL, 74). But the actual deliberations of the Council, which in the complete text make up the most of an entire chapter (Chapter Fourteen,

"Council of War") Crawley all but eliminates. The NCL chapter, "Council of War," begins, oddly, with a retrospective account of the deliberations. "Long and earnest were the deliberations" (NCL, 76) it begins:

> The lamps were lit and burned far into the night, when the Council broke up. The most part of the officers partook of a cheerful refreshment with the Governor, before they retired to their several quarters. Only Bigot and his friends declined to sup with the Governor. They took polite leave, and rode away from the Chateau to the Palais of the Intendant, where a more gorgeous repast, and more congenial company awaited them.
>
> The wine flowed freely at the Intendant's table. . . . (NCL, 76)

The NCL, then, simply returns, or, rather, simply continues the uncomplicated opposition of good and evil forces, the free-flowing wine, the dissolute living and the venting of "pent up wrath" against the Bourgeois, the Golden Dog, and the 'honnetes gens.' But once more, the parts omitted by Crawley are just as, if not more, significant, not only in terms of historical reality, but in terms of Bigot's politic character. (See Appendix Three, all of which is omitted by the NCL.)

Once more, we have a fascinating view of Bigot the political Machiavel, his demonstrated intelligence and ability, and even, Kirby must concede, his strong patriotism, quite a different man from the NCL Bigot who, though no less villainous, is a simple one. In the complete text "Kirby shows that," as Guttenberg says, "corrupt as Bigot is, he has qualities of fearlessness, occasionally of tenderness, and even of patriotism which make him mere [sic] credible

in the story than he appears to have been in life."[25] The NCL Bigot, however, tries the reader's belief in him, makes it difficult to believe that one so given to mere dissipation and riotous living could withstand any challenge to his political ability. The NCL more often "tells" of than "shows" Bigot's "depth and subtlety of intellect," his ability to be a mover of men in politics. Crawley's omission, however, not only undermines the credibility of Bigot the Intendant, but in large measure eliminates the sense of larger forces that finally contribute to, and motivate, his action in the plot. The impending peace (of Aix La Chapelle), the failing hold of La Pompadour, the opposition to the Court fired by the Jansenist controversy and the independent parliaments, finally do threaten Bigot, and force him to the desperate murder of the Bourgeois. It is not, of course, only these larger historical forces that motivate Bigot to drastic action. We are intended to judge Bigot in terms of his villainous actions in the plot, but so are we also intended to judge him in terms of a plot exactingly bound to history and context. Kirby does not ignore the importance of basic plot; in many ways, in fact, he is a master of it.

The murder of the Bourgeois, indeed, comes out of threats to Bigot on two fronts and from the two plots. Not only is "the Treaty of Aix La Chapelle . . . finally signed" (NCL, 254), and not only does the Golden Dog gain ground on the Friponne, begin to draw "half the money of the colony into his coffers" and threaten to "blow up the credit of the Friponne" (NCL, 256), but "Bigot had fettered himself with a lie" (Lov, 555) when confronted by charges that he has abducted

Caroline de St. Castin. Unknown to any but Bigot, Cadet, Angelique and La Corriveau, Caroline has been murdered, and when, now, the "sharpest intellects and most untiring men in the colony were commissioned to find out the truth regarding the fate of Caroline [,] Bigot was like a stag brought to bay" (Lov, 555). "An ordinary man would have succumbed in despair," but Bigot comes upon a plan that will "kill two birds with one stone." The murder of the Bourgeois would be:

> a scheme of deliverance for himself and of crafty vengeance upon the Philiberts, which would turn the thoughts of every one away from the Chateau of Beaumanoir and the missing Caroline, into a new stream of public and private troubles, amid the confusion of which he would escape, and his present dangers be overlooked and forgotten in a great catastrophe that might upset the colony, but at any rate it would free Bigot from his embarrassments and perhaps inaugurate a new reign of public plunder and suppression of the whole party of the honnetes gens. (NCL, 253-254)

Crawley's assessment of the Bourgeois murder in his introduction and his abridgment of the text fails, unfortunately, to acknowledge Kirby's achievement and shows the editor's preoccupation with basic character and plot. Of "the two murders [which] play such an important part in the love stories of both heroines," writes Crawley, in "spite of the Gothic-novel quality," the murder of Caroline, in its "ironic and symbolic" intent, is the better. "The murder of the Bourgeois," says Crawley, "climatic as it is intended to be, is undermined somewhat by too blatant intrusion of coincidence."[26]

And, from a limited perspective, there is an amount of fortuity in the murder. Bigot decides that the most effective plot is one which treats the Bourgeois, "not as a trader with a baton, but

as a gentleman with a sword," who upon provocation will draw, and "use it too!" "The Bourgeois must be insulted, challenged and killed by some gentleman of the Company," says Bigot, "[b]ut mind you! it must be done fairly and in open day and without my knowledge or approval!" (NCL, 259) De Pean is left to arrange the particulars, and as incentive to success, it should be added, Bigot promises, not only to commend De Pean's suit with Angelique, but as he tells his secretary, "without changing a muscle of his face," he "will give away the bride, and Madame de Pean shall not miss any favor from me which she has deserved as Angelique des Meloises" (NCL, 258). The associate who will be the instrument of the deed, De Pean and Bigot decide, should be Le Gardeur, who, since being rejected by Angelique, has given himself over to the vice of the Friponne with a vengeance. "De Pean, while resolving to make Le Gardeur the tool of his wickedness, did not dare to take him into his confidence. He had to be kept in absolute ignorance of the part he was to play . . . until the moment of its denouement arrived." He would meanwhile have to be "plied with drink, maddened with jealousy, made desperate with his losses and at war with himself and all the world" so that the "whole fury of his rage . . . by . . . artful contrivance" would fall "upon the unsuspecting head of the Bourgeois" (NCL, 261). De Pean also resolves to use Angelique; "she should be on the spot," he premeditates, so that the "sight of her and a word from her, . . . should decide Le Gardeur to attack the Bourgeois and kill him!" (NCL, 261) And, finally, De Pean chooses for the day of the murder,

the holiday of St. Martin, the anniversary of the death of the Bourgeois' wife and a day on which he traditionally tours the market-place giving alms to the poor. And on that day, the murder, indeed, goes exactly to plan. Le Gardeur, we learn just before the event, "had just risen from the gaming table where he had been playing all night. He was maddened with drink and excited by great losses." He is "accompanied by the Sieur de Lantagnac," whom "Le Gardeur, when drunk, thought the world did not contain a finer fellow," but "whom he thoroughly despised when sober" (NCL, 276). The two ride "furiously through the market, heedless of what they encountered or whom they ran over," and consequently, De Lantagnac, who leads, runs over "a poor almsman" who "chanced . . . at that moment" to be receiving from the Bourgeois "his accustomed alms" (NCL, 276). The Bourgeois, fearing "new danger" to "the bleeding man lying prostrate" before him, seizes the reigns of Le Gardeur's horse "with such violence, that . . . he almost threw his rider headlong" (NCL, 277). Not recognizing the Bourgeois, ("he saw but a bold presumptuous man who had seized his bridle,") and unaware of the "prostrate cripple" lying before his horse, Le Gardeur leaps from his horse and strikes the Bourgeois repeatedly. And at that moment, Angelique, prompted by De Pean, makes the conclusion inevitable:

> "Comment, Le Gardeur! vous souffrez qu'un Malva comme ca vous abime de coupe, te vous portex l'epee!"
> "What, Le Gardeur! you allow a ruffian like that to load you with blows, and you wear a sword?"
> It was enough! that look, that word, would have made Le Gardeur slaughter his father at that moment!
> (NCL, 278)

And the deed is done. Crawley objects:

> We feel that the deed is the result of a Hardy-like malignity of Fate manipulated by the author sooner than the result of the carefully calculated plan of Bigot. For example, since we are given no evidence that De Lantagnac was involved in the plot, was it not fortuitous that the Bourgeois happened to be in his way? that the crippled man was struck as he was? that Le Gardeur was following so close and would have ridden over the fallen man? Could the complicated events culminating in the murder take place without either Le Gardeur or the Bourgeois recognizing each other?[27]

The possible charge of coincidence, however, is certainly something that Kirby seems to have prepared for. Crawley's first charge, that De Lantagnac is a last minute participant, may be true, but that he is unwittingly so, is not. It is "[a]t a hint from De Pean," that he "had clung to Le Gardeur that morning like his shadow, had drunk with him again and again, exciting his wrath . . . but apparently keeping his own head clear enough for whatever mischief De Pean had put into it" (NCL, 276; emphasis mine). Nor is De Lantagnac a stranger to the novel or to De Pean's plottings. Much earlier, when De Pean has been charged by Bigot with returning Le Gardeur to the city from the Tilly estate where his family has secluded him, he summons "Le Mercier and Emeric de Lantagnac from the city, -- potent topers and hard players, -- to assist him in his desperate game for the soul, body and fortune of Le Gardeur de Repentigny" (NCL, 201). And while the pieces of the plot fall neatly, too neatly, into place, it is obvious from the text alone, that De Pean has paid attention to the finest details. It should be remembered, too, that the murder is the last desperate chance by Bigot to rescue himself from certain fall, and that certainty of

success, that is, murder outright, has been sacrificed to avoid at all costs the possibility of implicating Bigot. It is, then, a last desperate gamble. The previous day, in fact, Dame Rochelle, the Bourgeois' housekeeper, has had a "presentiment" of her master's death, based partly on her having overheard "two gentlemen," one of whom "wagered the other on the battle to-morrow between Cerberus and the Golden Dog" (Lov, 567). Bigot, De Pean, and the Friponne have weighed the possibilities carefully. There have been, for example, some initial misgivings about the choice of Le Gardeur, who, when of sober mind, remains, despite his association with the Friponne, a staunch defender of the Bourgeois. But De Pean's reply, an accurate assessment of his almost schizoid personality, is consistent with what we see of him: "Le Gardeur is the pink of morality when he is sober. He would kill the devil when he is half drunk, but when wholly drunk he would storm paradise, and sack and slay like a German ritter" (NCL, 266). Indeed, perhaps the most lasting image of Le Gardeur takes place in idylic setting of his aunt's estate. There, entirely bored and frustrated, he decides one morning that he "would go down to the village, where Satan mixed the drink for thirsty souls like his!" (Lov, 297) Amelie at once tries to intercept his departure, and finds him waiting for his horse, "walking impatiently in the garden, slashing the heads off the tulips and dahlias within reach of his riding whip" (Lov, 297). De Pean and Bigot, then, have chosen well. Given the extremes of Le Gardeur's character, it is not inconceivable that on that fatal

day, the Bourgeois "did not, in the haste and confusion of the moment, recognize Le Gardeur, who, inflamed with wine and frantic with passion, was almost past recognition by any one who knew him in his normal state;" nor is it inconceivable that Le Gardeur did not "in his frenzy, recognize the presence of the Bourgeois, whose voice calling him by name with an appeal to his better nature, would undoubtedly have checked his headlong career" (NCL, 277).

Were the NCL Golden Dog the only Golden Dog, the matter would rest there, perhaps in Crawley's favour. But the market-place climax begins not in the chapter which Crawley, for the most, retains (Chapter Forty-two of the NCL, "Blessed Are They Who Die Doing Thy Will), but in the previous (Chapter Fifty-three of the complete text, "The Market-Place On St. Martin's Day), entirely omitted by Crawley. The chapter details a public dispute which precedes the Bourgeois' appearance in the market. While the spark of the dispute is a sermon by one Jesuit "Padre Monti, an Italian newly arrived in the colony," on the Jansenist-Molinist controversy, the dispute is not just religious, but in the chapter is used by Kirby to show the political, economic, religious and social institutions and forces on each side of the novel's, and the period's, central "power struggle." "Indeed," says Sorfleet, "all levels of Canadian society were ranged on one side or another of this power struggle," and, with quotations from Chapter Fifty-three of the novel, he delineates the conflict:

> Serving the interests of La Pompadour were Bigot, the Grand Company, and La Friponne; serving the interests of Louis and of France were de la Galissoniere, the Honnetes Gens, the peasants, and the Bourgeois Philibert's Chien d'Or. At the same time, the Jansenists and Jesuits were at odds, partly over a question that could be reduced to national authority versus Papal authority. On top of this schism, flames were added to the controversy in New France when "the idea got abroad, not without some foundation, that the Society of Jesus had secret commercial relations with the Friponne." Moreover, when the Jesuit financial speculations in the West Indies failed, the Parliament of Paris, opposed to Jesuit wealth, power, and doctrine, commanded payments of debts and then delegalized the religious order. Thus, a natural alliance existed between the Honnetes Gens, the Jansenists, and the Parliament of Paris against the backers of La Friponne -- Bigot, the Jesuits, and La Pompadour.[28]

The chapter climactically brings into play, then, the novel's complex array of conflicting economic, social and political forces, the confluence and climax of which is an essential prelude to the basic plot's climactic murder of the Bourgeois. The two chapters together are the whole climax of the complete political plot, a climax in which Kirby is willing to sacrifice historical verity and even strictest plausibility of story to reach an ironic and symbolic artistic verity. (See Appendix Four for selected parts of Chapter Forty-three.)

While Sorfleet's delineation of the opposing historical institutions and forces in the "power struggle" is essentially accurate and an effective starting point for discussion, it is over-simplified. Where Kirby (or the "implied author") stands, for example in relation to the Jansenist controversy is not immediately clear. While, of course, the "idea," "not without some foundation,

that the society of Jesus had secret commercial relations with the Friponne" (Lov, 596) and the affair of the "immense fur-trading establishment" owned by "certain Jesuit fathers" (Lov, 602) is clearly reprehensible to Kirby, and while we can be certain about what Kirby thinks of Monti -- he "was a bold man in his way, and ready to dare any bold deed in the interests of religion, which he could not dissociate from the interests of his order" (Lov, 597) -- the Jesuit order clearly has had, and perhaps has, a distinctive and important place in Canadian history. Indeed, it is with elegaic tone that Kirby faithfully records that "the great College of Quebec, which had sent out scholars to teach the people, missionaries to convert the heathen, and martyrs to die for their faith . . . became a barrack for English soldiers, and such it continued to our day!" (Lov, 596-597) And the crowd which attends Monti's sermon, though composed almost entirely of commoners -- "habitans and citizens" -- is divided in its sympathies: "A loud laugh followed this sally of the preacher, not at the irreverance of the remark [that the blind woman and crippled man who had visited Diacre Paris, left him with worse or other ailments] but at the defeat of the Jansenists, which showed that half the crowd of hearers at least, had no sympathy with the teachings of Port Royal" (Lov, 599). As one "staid habitan" remarks to his companion: "I do not care for the Jansenists. Our Cure says they are no better than Calvinists. . . . A good deed without a spoken word, is a better prayer for a Christian man than a shipload of sermons like the

Padre's"; and his neighbor's reply: "I mock at St. Paris, but neither do I believe in the Friponne" (Lov, 603). These comments, in fact, are as much a clue to where Kirby stands in the controversy as any. Whatever the real complexity and far-reaching implications of the economic, political, and social conflict that looms large through the complete Golden Dog, the problem, at bottom, is basic and simple -- the time's disregard for traditional values. The final words of the chapter, spoken by the Recollect Brother Daniel, (in spite of the good Brother's ability to affirm, like Monti, his own theology at the expense of the other's, while pretending to skirt theology), define Kirby's essential conservative creed:

> "We only teach you to fear God, to honor the King, and respect those in authority; to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness to all men. Our good Brothers the Jesuits teach you the same things, only they set greater store by the wise head than by the loving heart, unlike us poor Recollects who have only wisdom enough to know that charity never faileth, while knowledge vanisheth away, for though we have faith to remove mountains, and have not charity, we are nothing." (Lov, 603)

The full appreciation of Kirby's creed, however, is obvious finally in the symbolic and ironic juxtapositioning of the two market-place chapters; to this artistic end, in fact, Kirby has sacrificed historical verity and even plausibility of plot. Kirby takes "historical facts and 'received traditions' and [reshapes] them into an aesthetic whole, consciously introducing factual error in order to arrive at artistic truth," says Sorfleet; a "minor example of this":

> is in the date of the Bourgeois' death; historically he died on January 21, 1748 but Kirby alters this to St. Martin's Day at the end of Indian summer; the parallel of the onset of winter to the extensive ill-effects of the Bourgeois' death is clear and artistically satisfying.[29]

The particulars of the death, the day, that fact that the Bourgeois is actively practicing charity on that day, that there "chanced" to be an "a poor almsman" in the path of De Lantagnac and Le Gardeur, are, of course, all in their way symbolic of the traditional ethic and morality that Kirby would have man embrace, but they are also ironic in light of the events which precede the murder. The irony is particularly fueled by Padre Monti's sermon, for which text he has used the parable of the "good Samaritan, meaning the Jesuit Fathers," and the end of which is to show that:

> "The Honnetes Gens rob God of his dues, and the King's subjects of their hearts, crying peace, peace, and withhold the tribute money of Caesar, the King's dues and taxes, and appeal to the Parliament of Paris not to register the decrees of our lawful authorities! The Jansenists and the Honnetes Gens sit on high seats and are protected and cherished in King's houses; yeah! in castles!" The preacher glanced over his shoulder at the pinnacles of the Castle of St. Louis [the Governor's castle], visible above housetops which intervened between it and the market-place. (Lov, 598)

And as if to dramatize the already numerous ironies, it is the "Recollect Brother Daniel [who is the] first to fly to the help of the Bourgeois" (NCL, 280) when he is slain.

While at the root, then, of all the large historical controversy and conflict, is the lack of a basic conservative ethic and morality, not changed are the serious implications and complexity of the larger historical reality. That this is so, is,

once more, reinforced ironically. Bigot and the Friponne look on the market-place controversy as almost a part of their plan. "You must have a crowd and a row, mind!" Cadet had warned the plotting De Pean, presumably if the murder is to be done "safe" and "openly" (NCL, 265). "We will have both a crowd and a row, never fear!" De Pean assures him; "[t]he new preacher of the Jesuits, who is fresh from Italy, and knows nothing of our plot, is to inveigh in the market against the Jansenists and the Honnetes Gens" (NCL, 265). And at the sermon, D'Estebe remarks to Le Mercier, "Padre Monti deserves the best thanks of the Intendant for this sermon" (Lov, 600). The direct plot connection between the sermon and the murder is at best tenuous -- the market-place on St. Martin's day, one would suppose, would be busy with or without the sermon -- but the connection reinforces the irony that, however much the pieces fall into place for Bigot and the Friponne, however much they seem to have in their careful planning ensured success, they themselves are, in fact, as much victims as progenitors of the evil which finally and tragically ruins their lives and the colony. Bigot may have ensured himself a reprieve, but his own contribution to, and his own part in, the crumbling of the traditional order, does not long forestall the inevitable.

If the climax of the novel, then, shows that in the "society of the old French regime," as Pacey somewhat simply says, "Kirby found . . . values and attitudes which he could admire,"[29] it is not a discovery that comes only late in the novel. These values and attitudes have been ably represented from the novel's

opening pages. Crawley, however, wilfully or otherwise, has missed and omitted them. But the omissions, however few, which this study has considered, clearly show Crawley's method and its unfortunate effect on his edition. Crawley may boast that his edition is half the original length, but the half that he removes clearly demands consideration as an integral part of The Golden Dog.

IV. CRITICISM PAST AND PRESENT, AND THE INFLUENCE OF ABRIDGMENT

It is difficult to discover the precise effect that the tradition of abridgment of Kirby's Golden Dog has had upon the critical history of the novel; and there are many reasons. One of the most frustrating, perhaps, is the failure of critics, and especially of early critics, to acknowledge precisely what text they have used. One trusts critics to have considered seriously problems of textual authority before writing, but if those critics who acknowledge their sources are an indication (several, for example, are fooled by the "authorized" Page second edition), that trust is ill-founded. One would be hard-pressed, indeed, to find in Canadian literature an author for whom careful choice of texts is more important. And the state of Canadian criticism itself, and especially of the early criticism, contributes to the difficulty. The critical writing is often contradictory and equivocal, hurried and vague, quick to judge but loathe to defend judgement.

But it is a limited search, finally, that looks first or only for the precise effects of abridgment on criticism. For just as abridgment of The Golden Dog itself promotes, but is as much fostered by, the state of bibliographic affairs, so also does abridgment of the novel itself promote, while it is fostered by, the trends, concerns, emphases and quality of the criticism. Ideally, then, a larger sense of this two-way exchange must be looked for.

The myopic search for the particular is important, but perhaps primarily as an indication of the larger state of affairs.

Criticism of The Golden Dog is most generally concerned with the novel's opposite characteristics of romance and history, a concern, of course, implicitly at the bottom of Derek Crawley's and his predecessors' abridgments of the book. And while the question of whether the abridgment is responsible for the concern or whether the concern is responsible for the abridgment is not easily answered, successive abridgments of the novel's historical content will clearly affect the outcome. Recent criticism's denegration of the novel's historical material may be traceable to the NCL Golden Dog, but it is also traceable to early and dominant tendencies in criticism. We seem to have early-created and now inherited in criticism of The Golden Dog a tradition which favors romance over history.

"It is a commonplace of Canadian criticism," says John Matthews, "to admire William Kirby's The Golden Dog."[1] Among the other judgments that seem to confirm Matthew's assertion is that of J.D. Logan and Donald G. French, who, in the Highways of Canadian Literature (1924) conclude that the novel is "genuinely great."[2] V.B. Rhodenizer, in his Handbook of Canadian Literature (1930), says the novel is entitled "to consideration as the greatest Canadian novel,"[3] and Desmond Pacey, in Creative Writing in Canada (1952), maintains that The Golden Dog "is a very good, if not great, novel from every point of view."[4] All three judgements seem to confirm the earliest opinions, that the novel is somehow an exceptional achievement and demands singular attention and acclaim.

"I shall be surprised," observed Francis Parkman in the year of the novel's first appearance, if The Golden Dog "does not attract a good deal of attention." "The writer is familiar both with Canadian life and Canadian history, and writes with vivacity and spirit," Parkman stated; the "book is marred by many blemishes, and the interest is impaired by diffuseness and repetitions; but it has the unmistakable marks of talent."[5] J.G. Bourinot (in 1893) was somewhat more assured of the novel's singularity; "attempts have been made time and again . . . to describe episodes of our history, and portray some of our national and social characteristics," he says, "but with the single exception of 'The Golden Dog,' . . . I cannot point to one which shows much imaginative or literary skill."[6] "It is a singular thing, to my mind," claimed Sir Gilbert Parker three years later, "that all the history of Canada has produced only one really notable work of fiction -- William Kirby's 'Le Chien d'Or,' a veritable mine of information and research, a powerful and admirable piece of romance, not the easiest in the world to read, and yet one to which I wish to pay my earnest respects."[7] But, as the three more recent judgements would suggest, The Golden Dog's "greatness" has become progressively less secure, and as the early judgements would suggest, high praise comes not without at least a hint of qualification.

Perhaps the foremost reason for the qualified acknowledgment of the novel's success is the tension in The Golden Dog between romance and history; critics seem uncertain which is the novel's

strength. Is the novel primarily an attempted representation of "Canadian history" and "Canadian life," "our national and social characteristics," or is it primarily "a powerful and admirable piece of romance," with a "veritable mine of information and research" in the bargain? Down to the present, criticism of The Golden Dog is divided on the question. Lorne Pierce, for example, acknowledges Kirby's understanding of "French history and tradition" and more specifically heralds the novel for cutting a trail "between Upper and Lower Canada," for opening "up a highway from Niagara to the Citadel, from the heart of one tradition to the core of another, and since that day a multitude have walked thereon."[8] For V.B. Rhodenizer, however, though the novel is important "because of its successful use of native material," its claim to "greatness" seems to lie more in its "richness of character" and "powerful dramatic scenes,"[9] an emphasis which anticipates the most recent criticism of the novel. Logan and French are more specific and more emphatic in favoring the novel's romance over its historical content: The Golden Dog is "genuinely great" primarily "as the progenitor of [later] romantic fiction." Like James Richardson's Wacousta, they say The Golden Dog is the first of "a series of romances which have a Canadian historical basis and which are Canadian in incident and color."[10] And Desmond Pacey has not helped the matter by calling The Golden Dog an "historical romance" on one page,[11] and an "historical novel" three pages later.[12] Derek Crawley's Introduction to the NCL Golden Dog is also equivocal. He begins his Introduction, as we have noted, by calling the novel a romance, and one of quality

at that, but later chides the novelist for the romance-like intrusion of coincidence. Some would say," he writes, "that The Golden Dog is a romance and that coincidence is therefore legitimate";[13] Crawley, evidently, does not. If a romance, the novel is not "love intrigue in a romanticized setting," and, he adds, it "avoids traditional accoutrements of the Gothic novel."[14] A classification somewhere between "historical novel" and "historical romance" is perhaps his final choice, if we are to abide by his Introduction's last words: "Love stories and murders when woven into a convincing historical background have appealed for generations and are likely to continue to do so."[15] How precisely and how sincerely he means and uses the term "woven" is not clear, but his abridgment of most of the novel's historical content is perhaps a good indication.

Much of the confusion, of course, stems from Kirby's own choice of subtitles, ("A Romance of the Days of Louis Quinze in Quebec"), and from the general lack of distinction between the terms "historical romance" and "historical novel." A specific generic classification of the novel, however, is not essential, but clear consideration, and perhaps delineation, of how each of the aspects of history and romance in the novel functions certainly is. It is not until John Robert Sorfleet's "Fiction and the Fall of New France: William Kirby vs. Gilbert Parker" (1973), that the nagging question finally receives particular attention. The clearsightedness and the usefulness of Sorfleet's criticism of Kirby's novel has, I think, already been demonstrated, but the quality of his article in large measure results from the clear definition of terms which

he offers before his consideration of the novel begins:

> The historical romance uses history casually, as an incidental setting for an adventure story, while ["the historical novel proper"] uses history deliberately, so that setting is integrally related to theme. Of course, the difference between the two can partly be attributed to the distinction between the romance and the novel; as Sir Walter Scott once wrote, the romance is "a fictitious narrative in prose or verse, the interest of which turns upon marvelous or uncommon incidents," while the novel is "a fictitious narrative, differing from the romance because the events are accomodated to the ordinary train of human events and the modern state of society." However, it might be contended that all historical fiction, to some extent, partakes of romantic elements; in this case it is important to re-emphasize that the primary distinction between the historical romance and the historical novel is not in the way romantic elements are used, but rather in the way history is treated. The sine qua non of the true historical novel is that the author has a sense of history manifested in his work.[16]

If such clear delineation is a precondition of good criticism, one wonders how much more of an essential precondition it is for good abridgment.

While Sorfleet's criticism of the novel is perhaps the best to date, it is something of an exception. However much critics have acknowledged and emphasized either or both the historical and the romantic aspects of The Golden Dog, Sorfleet and, to a lesser extent, Pacey, are the only ones who have argued that the historical material is an assimilated part of the novel. Sorfleet, of course, is adamant about Kirby's historical consciousness and the place of the historical material in the novel. He specifically confirms Pacey's general assessment, that The Golden Dog "is no costume novel: it evokes not merely the surface of life in eighteenth century New

France, but its very heart and spirit." "The characters are no mere mannequins decked in eighteenth century costume," Pacey adds, "they are living men and women whom Kirby passionately admires or hates in proportion as they remain true" to the "values and attitudes" "of the old French regime [that] Kirby found" and "could admire."[17] But herein already is the difference between Pacey and Sorfleet. While Sorfleet emphasizes the author's historical consciousness as that which holds the novel together and, in effect, transforms romance into history, Pacey contends that it is Kirby's sincerity and moral philosophy that makes the novel "no idle literary exercise." The novel "is the fictional expression of Kirby's deep-seated convictions"[18] about "chivalric ideals," "class distinctions, . . . loyalty to Crown and Empire, . . . traditionalism, . . . religious devotion,"[19] and a "new nationalism" that "simply wanted Canada to be a strong branch of the tree of the British Empire,"[20] Pacey says. And the novel is "sustained," finally, by "the moral philosophy which judges every man and every action in terms of loyalty, integrity, and selfless devotion to a cause."[21] The difference between Sorfleet's and Pacey's emphases may seem innocent, and, indeed, I have also contended that The Golden Dog combines a basic traditional morality with a larger sense of history, but Pacey's emphasis upon the former finally results in some familiar complaints:

> The Golden Dog has weaknesses, of course. There are touches of melodrama; coincidence sometimes plays a disproportionate part; sometimes Kirby is annoyingly didactic; sometimes the products of his long years of research are allowed to impede the plot. And it is not immune from the basic flaw of all historical novels: the difficulty of maintaining the uneasy alliance between fact and fiction. Sometimes we find ourselves wondering: "Did Bigot really have such a mistress in his Chateau?" -- and of course once we get a sense of another truer reality, the reality of the novel begins to crumble. But in spite of these faults, The Golden Dog is a great achievement.[22]

Pacey's qualifications, not insubstantial, however much he insists that they are only qualifications, once more raise, essentially, the question of assimilation -- of how well integrated are the opposing forces of romance and history.

That "sometimes [Kirby's] long years of research are allowed to impede the plot" is simply a more literary phrasing of both Gilbert Parker's comment, that the novel is "not the easiest in the world to read," and Francis Parkman's contention, that "interest is impaired by diffuseness and repetitions." Or, as T.G. Marquis writes in "English-Canadian Literature" (1913): "At times the story drags, largely due to the desire of the author to give local colour and to detail fully the life of the period with which he is dealing."[23] "The Golden Dog is a great book," Marquis concludes, but once more there are reservations about the book's historical content:

> [It is] a book that has turned the feet of thousands of pilgrims towards Quebec. As a historical novel, however, it is not without blemishes. Many of the characters were not as black as they are painted, and some of the noble Frenchmen who move through its pages are -- as the documents that have come down from the times prove -- far from being as noble as they are pictured.[24]

And in different ways the dispute continues. The charge, for example, that parts of the novel weary the reader, reappears in A. Ch. v. Guttenberg's Early Canadian Art and Literature (1969). "To the reader in our time parts of 'The Golden Dog' may be tedious," but, the critic writes, "that is a measure of the change in popular taste." The novel's length may be "forbidding," says Guttenberg, "but it contains some vigorous writing and a creditable handling of contrasted incidents." Although at times, he adds, Kirby "is irritatingly learned and eager to parade that knowledge of quotations, authors, languages, and events," and "his manner of writing," then, "is often secondhand, it remains competent and concise." "Kirby may not succeed in creating a genuine mode of thought and feeling, for he was born an Englishman, but he was aware of the need to do so,"[25] concludes Guttenberg, acknowledging, like Pacey, at least the author's sincerity of intent.

While Sorfleet's criticism is perhaps, in Elizabeth Brady's words, "the most perceptive and thorough appreciation of the novel to date,"[26] his is not, and should not be, the last word in Golden Dog criticism. The long-ranging dispute, in fact, is in many ways a healthy indication of the novel's continuing significance. And if there is, finally, a satisfactory solution to the problem of history and romance in the novel, only continued debate, clearly, will get us there.

Abridgment of The Golden Dog, however, has not helped to ensure the continued health of criticism of the novel. While

T.G. Marquis's criticism for example, as criticism, is valid and perhaps necessary, his criticism as a defence of his "judicious" cutting of "wearisome" "patches of general and scientific information"[27] from his later Musson edition is, obviously, not valid. It is, of course, difficult to gauge the precise effect that abridgment has had on criticism of the novel. But it is unsettling to note that the changed emphasis in criticism of The Golden Dog roughly parallels the appearances of altered texts. J.G. Bourinot, who, in 1893, had no choice but to use the complete text (which he acknowledges), believes the novel to be, as we have mentioned, an exceptional rendering of Canadian "history, and . . . national and social characteristics"; V.B. Rhodenizer, however, who, in 1930, had available to him the abridged Page second edition (1897), the Musson unabridged reprint (1922), and Marquis' abridged Musson (1925) edition, as well as the first edition (he acknowledges simply a Musson edition[28]), shows, we have also noted, a distinct preoccupation with story, plot, and character:

> The plot is elaborated by weaving together several complicated love stories, and the most selfish and scheming lovers, who will even stoop to murder, are contrasted with the most unselfish, in a manner dear to the hearts of all romanticists. With such a plot in such a setting and with the work of Richardson as an example, it would have been easy for Kirby . . . to yield to the temptation to be melodramatic. . . . That Kirby does resort to sensationalism, to over-elaboration of detail in scenes of violent action and intense emotion, may readily be admitted. But that he gets his strong situations by melodramatic devices . . . is by no means certain. Rather, the intense situations are the plausible if not inevitable result of forces at work in the lives of the characters. In fact, the great superiority of Kirby over Richardson

> is that by very careful attention to characterization Kirby approached decidedly more nearly than Richardson to that artistically ideal state in fiction in which plot is what it is because the characters are what they are.[29]

That Rhodenizer's criticism is based on an abridged text may not be certain, but his de-emphasis of the novel's historical content disturbingly parallels the abridgments' de-emphasis, and anticipates the most recent direction of criticism of The Golden Dog.

The most recent criticism of the novel, and in particular, criticism which appears after the 1969 NCL version of the novel, sharply increases the tendency to consider character and plot to the exclusion of the novel's historical matter. L.R. Early's 1979 article, "Myth and Prejudice in Kirby, Richardson, and Parker," for example, considers the novel as myth rather than as historical representation or as a chronicle of the past.[30] The novel, she says, has close affinities with Jacobean drama, and both resemble "the Biblical story of Eden, the Fall, and the survival of Adam, Eve, and their progeny in an imperfect world"; both, in fact, she says, "emphasize two themes especially: the struggle of Good and Evil, and the role of sex in the disintegration of order."[31] The historical conflict, and, for that matter, all the conflict of the novel, she terms "unambiguous." The Friponne and the 'honnetes gens' are pitted against each other,[32] as, indeed, are "the polarized stereotypes of Angelique as Temptress and Amelie as Amazing Virgin."[33] That her reading of the novel is directly the result of abridgment, and specifically, of Derek Crawley's 1969 version, is not at issue

here. Early, in fact, warns in a footnote that the NCL edition is "seriously abridged," (although she herself uses Page's abridged "authorized" edition).[34] Her interpretation of The Golden Dog is, as much as anything, an extension of Northrop Frye's short criticism of the novel in The Literary History of Canada. Kirby's novel, says Frye, "links the pastoral myth with [a] vision of vanished grandeur." "In The Golden Dog," he adds, "the forlorn little fortress of seventeenth-century [sic] Quebec, sitting in the middle of what Madam de Pompadour called 'a few arpents of snow,' acquires a theatrical glamour that would do credit to Renaissance Florence."[35] What is at issue is that in inheriting the tradition of criticism that de-emphasizes the novel's history -- a tradition which, though Crawley and the NCL version did not start, they have certainly contributed to -- recent criticism can have only limited understanding and appreciation of Kirby's work. Early's criticism, though non-evaluative, admits as much when she claims that "The Golden Dog is unambiguous."

Somewhat more certain about the novel's success, or rather, lack of success, is Margot Northey's criticism of the novel, which in approach anticipated Early's. Her conclusion, already noted, is that it is a failed "gothic expression of the darker side of life." Yet the reason for its failure is not only that its gothicism is too European, but also, she says, because the novel contains a "double insistence" "upon realistic, historical detail and [upon] gothic motifs."[36] Her insistence upon the quality of Crawley's abridged edition must certainly, then, be considered ironic. In fact, she

begins her criticism by praising the novel's "particular feeling of verisimilitude"[37] in the historical material. "Kirby has obviously done some careful research into the life in Quebec in the days when it was still a colony of France," she writes. The "descriptions of the Friponne" the "mercantile system of the Bourgeois," the "workings of the ferry and canoe transportation," and "the picture of cloistered life in the convent of the Ursulines," are all "realistic,"[38] she says, and some of "the sharply drawn . . . background characters," and "especially the sketch of Dame Rochelle, the Bourgeois' worthy housekeeper," "might have sprung from a page of Dickens."[39] While Northey appreciates, then, even the limited selection of historical detail and life that Crawley's version reproduces, she has not -- and perhaps cannot, given the edition she prefers -- explored an obviously more suitable critical approach. "The Golden Dog, despite its obvious attention to details of history and geography," she maintains, "presents life with a drop of faked bitters and a spoonful of sugar."[40]

The signs are clearly not in favour of continued regard for The Golden Dog, and abridgment has in no small way contributed to this. Elizabeth Waterston, who herself has abridged the New Canadian Library version of Gilbert Parker's Seats of the Mighty,[41] in her 1973 assessment of Kirby's novel, may, unfortunately, be typical of the direction criticism of The Golden Dog will take:

> William Kirby, in The Golden Dog, 1877 [she else where erroneously dates the novel, 1855[42]] turned to Intendant Bigot's regime for a tale of love, intrigue, murder, treachery. This melodramatic romance became very popular in English Canada, and remained a staple of school reading lists up to our own time [in abridged versions, it should be added]. Kirby claimed that eleven years of research had gone into The Golden Dog, but it was not research on the French-Canadian life of his own times. Nor was it research on the realities of colonial or national politics of any time. The Golden Dog remains vivid, exciting, and hollow.[43]

That The Golden Dog is not based on "the French-Canadian life of [the author's] own times" is immaterial to the question of the novel's success, but that Waterston raises the matter is indicative of her, and other recent critics', disregard for the past and failure to understand what Kirby was doing. That the novel is not based "on the realities of colonial or national politics of any time" (emphasis mine) is blatantly false. Canada's foremost intellectual historian, Carl Berger, who, in The Sense of Power, Studies in the Ideas of Canadian Imperialism, 1867-1914,[44] locates Kirby within the "Canada First" movement (a not uninfluential group of imperial nationalists that included Colonel George Taylor Denison, George Munro Grant, Sir George Robert Parkin, Charles Mair, and Sir James Le Moine[45]), considers The Golden Dog to be Kirby's attempt not only to represent eighteenth-century French society, but to make that history meaningful to the author's own turbulent times. The trials of Kirby's day, both economic and political, "[t]he mood of doubt, disillusionment, and uncertainty which culminated in the late 1880's," observes Berger, "provoked many . . . appeals to the certainties of the past."[46] And for his "historical novel set in the

last days of New France," says Berger, "Kirby found in [Sir Walter] Scott's borderland tales the perfect technique with which to describe . . . the chivalric and hierarchical social order of the French society on the St. Lawrence,"[47] the perfect means to show in a time of national crisis the "traditions [that] are most useful for maintaining the assurance of security."[48] It is ironic that an historian must re-direct literary criticism of Kirby's novel into the path that best suits it.

V. CONCLUSION

It is obvious from almost every point of view -- the bibliographer's, the critic's, and the historian's -- that The Golden Dog has been remarkably ill-treated. But while it is obvious, it is by no means common knowledge. In fact, then, a more suitable emphasis and more accurate description of the case of William Kirby's The Golden Dog is to say that the confusion, distortion, and turmoil that surrounds The Golden Dog has had, and will likely continue to have, an adverse effect on a variety of disciplines -- bibliography, criticism, history, and education. And while such ill-treatment might once have easily been checked, its continuation and significant advancement by the 1969 McClelland and Stewart abridgment of the novel, makes correction of past errors a remote possibility indeed.

But we must try, and clearly the first step is the rejection of all, and especially the most recent of, the abridged versions of The Golden Dog. But it is not only the critic or the historian who must be concerned and must reject the abridgments. What of the student, for example, who, when asked to research criticism for written work on his NCL Golden Dog, finds that more than half of the quotations in John Robert Sorfleet's article can not be found in his text? And how, honestly, does the instructor respond when confronted with this peculiar situation? In a recent Inaugural Lecture at the University of Calgary, Hallvard Dahlie made a somewhat frivolous

comment on the reason for William Kirby's and Gilbert Parker's present status in Canadian studies:

> Kirby and Parker always saw Canadian literature as a branch -- a big one, mind you, but nevertheless a branch -- of the much larger English tree, and today they both occupy a position of limbo in our country. I suspect that in part this is an act of revenge perpetrated by generations of school children who had inflicted upon them the authorized school editions of The Golden Dog and Seats of the Mighty -- and no country in the world is as imaginative as Canada when it comes to deciding what novels can be formed into authorized school editions.[1]

The comment may have somewhat different implications, and more truth, than Dahlie intends. And with some minor tampering, the passing comment can be made to sound a more disturbing note: the present status of both writers may be an act of revenge, unwitting or wilful, perpetrated by former undergraduates who have had inflicted upon them substantially altered and abridged editions of both novels.

But while the student suffers, clearly the worst victim is Kirby and the complete Golden Dog itself. While my examination has tried to show that the NCL Golden Dog, in particular, is not essentially the Golden Dog at all, so much more work remains (obviously, and not unexpectedly, given the difference of more than three hundred pages) before the place of the real Golden Dog can be found. While we have considered, briefly, Kirby's admiration of certain traditional values, the examination of what they entail for Kirby has yet, in terms of Kirby's complete work, to be done. Carl Berger's consideration of both Kirby's poetry and prose has led him

to the discovery of themes and concerns as diverse but related as "the agrarian way of life," Kirby's "dissatisfaction and revolt" against "cold, rationalistic logic,"[2] and against "laissez-faire liberalism" and the "manifestations of modernity," and his "rejection of individualism."[3] Berger's identification of these concerns is a good beginning, but these concerns need particular and thorough examination in terms of Kirby's writing, and especially, in terms of the complete Golden Dog. And Berger's contention that Kirby is part of a prominent and serious group and tradition within our intellectual history also needs to be considered from a more literary point of view. The too hasty and frequent dismissal of Kirby's imperial brand of nationalism as something peculiar or silly is something, perhaps, that close consideration of the complete Golden Dog will not allow.

But while Derek Crawley and McClelland and Stewart may be held accountable for much of the recent distorted regard for Kirby's novel, there are, perhaps, larger forces at work that need examination. Canadian literature, and, for that matter, Canadian culture and the Canadian national character, frequently (Canadians themselves lament and are sometimes told by others) is marked by a sense of its own inferiority. In Canadian literature, works are often considered in terms of their indigenous Canadian content (or their lack of it), and evaluated in comparison with the larger body of English writing. Kirby's Golden Dog, of course, has not avoided this. Much of the debate over the quality of its historical material can be rephrased as a question of how Canadian it is. Some critics,

of course, are explicit. Wilfrid Eggleston, for example, in his search for "belles lettres" not transplanted to the "soil and climate" of Canada, concludes that Kirby cannot be ranked among the "contributors to native letters at all."[4] And, indeed, the common critical consensus is that nineteenth-century Canada has not produced a significant or truly Canadian work. The process of close examination and comparison is not a bad one, but how serious is our intent to find truly Canadian or truly good writing when we allow study and comparison of incomplete texts? Canadian cultural inferiority is perhaps more self-inflicted than we care to admit. Contemporary criticism's denigration of the local and the historical -- of realism -- in the novel and other genres cannot be Crawley's responsibility alone. Those who allow and perpetrate abridgments such as Crawley's are equally if not more responsible. The history of criticism, like the history that Kirby's Golden Dog defines, is more complex than we suppose. Crawley has been a victim, as much as a progenitor, of the imminent fall of The Golden Dog.

NOTES

Chapter I

[1]Elizabeth Brady, "A Bibliographic Essay on William Kirby's The Golden Dog 1877-1977," Papers of the Bibliographic Society of Canada, 15(1976), 24.

[2]Brady, p. 24.

[3]Brady, pp. 24-25.

[4]Brady, p. 25.

[5]Brady, p. 25.

[6]Brady, p. 26.

[7]Brady, p. 26; quoting Kirby from an interview in The Express (Buffalo: August 17, 1888).

[8]Brady, p. 26; quoting Douglas Lochhead, "Nineteenth-Century Canadian Bibliography: To the Land Behind," Papers of the Bibliographic Society of Canada, 10(1971), 47-48.

[9]William H. New, "Some Comments on the Editing of Canadian Texts," in Editing Canadian Texts, Papers given at the Conference on Editorial Problems, Univ. of Tor., Nov., 1972, ed. Francess G. Halpenny (Toronto: Committee for The Conf. on Ed. Prob., 1975), p. 17.

[10]New, p. 17; quoting T.G. Marquis, Introduction to The Golden Dog (Toronto: Musson, [1925]), p. [5], and Derek Crawley, Introduction to The Golden Dog (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969), p. vii; New refers to "Derek Crawley's 1967 abridgment." Crawley dates his Introduction 1967, but the abridgment was published in 1969.

[11]Brady, p. 26.

[12]Brady, p. 26.

Chapter II

[1]There have been two editions of The Golden Dog published in French. The publishing history of the French editions, however, has been more stable than the publishing history of English editions. Brady writes: "By 1880, just three years after the publication of the novel in English, plans were underway for [the novel's] publication in French and, in 1884, Pamphile Le May's . . . translation appeared under the imprint 'Montreal: Imprimerie De L'Etendard.' This was the only edition of The Golden Dog on which Kirby had copyright protection. Its reception by French-Canadian readers proved to be the real acid test for the verisimilitude of Kirby's historical characterization of Quebec in 1748: the French-language version immediately received critical acclaim, was widely circulated and is currently in print; a second edition . . . (based on Le May's translation) was published in 1926 under the imprint 'Quebec: Librairie Garneau, Limitee.' A reprint of the second edition was published in Quebec by Editions Garneau in 1971." (Brady, p. 48).

[2]Brady, p. 27.

[3]Brady, pp. 27-28.

[4]Brady, p. 28.

[5]Lorne Pierce, "The Golden Dog," in William Kirby: Portrait of a Tory Loyalist (Toronto: Macmillan, 1929), pp. 236-266.

[6]Pierce, Kirby, p. 251.

[7]Pierce, Kirby, p. 251.

[8]Letter to R. Worthington (1880), quoted in Pierce, Kirby, p. 251.

[9]Pierce, Kirby, p. 251.

[10]Brady, p. 46.

[11]Pierce, Kirby, p. 254.

[12]Brady, p. 36.

[13]Brady, p. 36.

[14]Pierce, Kirby, p. 254, quoting L.C. Page (Pierce does not acknowledge his source, but Brady has identified a "Brief of the Publications of William Kirby's Novel 'Le Chien d'Or' [The Golden Dog]

to Dr. Lorne Pierce," by William Kirby, Jr., as the main source of Piere's version of the novel's publishing history. The "Brief" is currently in the collection of the Toronto Metropolitan Library Board).

[15]Brady, p. 36, quoting William Kirby, Jr.'s "Brief . . . to Dr. Lorne Pierce," p. 9.

[16]William Kirby, "Author's Prefatory Note," The Golden Dog (Boston: L.C. Page, 1897), p. [5].

[17]Pierce, Kirby, p. 254.

[18]Brady, p. 47, quoting "Brief."

[19]Brady, p. 47.

[20]Brady, p. 47.

[21]Brady, p. 47.

[22]Quoted in Pierce, p. 255 (source not specified).

[23]Brady, p. 47.

[24]T.G. Marquis, Introduction to The Golden Dog (Toronto: Musson, [1925]), p. [5].

[25]Marquis, Intro., p. [5].

[26]E.C. Woodley, Introduction to The Golden Dog (Toronto: Macmillan, 1936), pp. [v].

[27]The Golden Dog (Toronto: Macmillan, 1936), pp. [iii].

[28]Brady, pp. 47-48.

[29]Brady, p. 48.

[30]Back cover to The Golden Dog (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969); also quoted by Brady, p. 48.

[31]Brady, p. 48, quoting Derek Crawley, "Note on the Author," The Golden Dog (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969), p. 321.

[32]Brady, p. 48.

[33]Derek Crawley, Introduction to The Golden Dog (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969), p. vii.

[34]Crawley, Intro., p. vii.

[35]Crawley, Intro., p. vii.

[36]Crawley's dilemma here, and the equivocation and inconsistency of much of his Introduction, seems to be the result of his failure to be evaluative. Crawley's approach to literature may typify what Yvor Winters (In Defense of Reason [Chicago: Swallow Press, 1947], pp. 7-8) claims is the view of literature in "our universities at present": a hedonistic view. Many present professors of literature, says Winters, "for the most part are genteel but mediocre men, [who] can make but a poor defence of their profession, and the professors of science, who are frequently men of great intelligence but of limited interests and education, feel a politely disguised contempt for it; and thus the study of one of the most pervasive and powerful influences on human life is traduced and neglected."

[37]Crawley, Intro., p. vii.

Chapter III

[1]Crawley, Intro., p. viii.

[2]A Ch. v. Guttenberg, "William Kirby" in his Early Canadian Art and Literature (Liechtenstein: European Printing, 1969), p. 37.

[3]Crawley, Intro., p. x.

[4]Guttenberg, pp. 37-38.

[5]John Robert Sorfleet, "Fiction and the Fall of New France: William Kirby vs. Gilbert Parker," Journal of Canadian Fiction, 2:3 (Summer 1973), 132.

[6]Crawley, Intro., p. ix.

[7]Crawley, Intro., p. x.

[8]Margot Northey, "Decorative Gothic: The Golden Dog," in her The Haunted Wilderness: The Gothic and Grotesque in Canadian Fiction (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1976), pp. 27-32.

[9]Northey, note 1 to Chapter 3, p. 115.

[10]Northey, p. 28.

[11]Northey, p. 30.

[12]Northey, p. 30, quoting Leslie Fiedler, Love and Death in the American Novel, rev. ed. (New York: 1969), p. 115. I have been unable to find an edition of Fiedler's book published in New York in 1969; the information about the edition, and the page reference, is from Northey.

[13]Northey, p. 31.

[14]Northey, p. 29.

[15]Northey, p. 24.

[16]Wayne C. Booth, The Rhetoric of Fiction (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1961); the distinction, the title, in fact, of Booth's first chapter, "Showing and Telling," is central to his book's thesis.

[17]Booth, p. 397.

[18]Guttenberg, p. 38.

[19]This term is also central to Booth's study. Booth distinguishes "the implied author" from other common terms such as "persona," "mask," or "narrator." The implied author, he explains, is the reader's picture of the author, "built . . . only partly by the narrator's explicit commentary." It includes, then, "the norms which the reader must apprehend in each work if he is to grasp it adequately," "in short, the intuitive apprehension of a completed artistic whole" (p. 73).

[20]Desmond Pacey, Creative Writing in Canada (Toronto: Ryerson, 1952), p. 71.

[21]Sorfleet, p. 132, quoting Georg Lukacs, The Historical Novel, trans. Hannah and Stanley Mitchell (1962 rpt.; Boston: Beacon Press, 1963), pp. 123 and 21.

[22]Sorfleet, p. 136.

[23]Sorfleet, p. 132.

[24]Pacey, p. 71.

[25]Guttenberg, p. 37.

[26]Crawley, Intro., p. xi.

[27]Crawley, Intro., p. xi.

[28]Sorfleet, p. 136.

[29]Pacey, p. 69.

Chapter IV

[1]John Pengwerne Matthews, Tradition in Exile (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1962), p. 116.

[2]J.D. Logan and Donald G. French, Highways of Canadian Literature, 2nd ed. (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1928), p. 95.

[3]V.B. Rhodenizer, A Handbook of Canadian Literature (Ottawa: Graphic Publishers, 1930), p. 86.

[4]Pacey, p. 70.

[5]Letter, presumably to the publishers of the first edition of The Golden Dog (Pierce does not specify), February 19, 1877, quoted in Pierce, Kirby, p. 271.

[6]J.G. Bourinot, Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness (1893 rpt.; Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1973), p. 27.

[7]From an interview in The Globe (Toronto: October 31, 1886), quoted in Pierce, Kirby, p. 236.

[8]Lorne Pierce, An Outline of Canadian Literature (Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1927), p. 12.

[9]Rhodenizer, p. 86.

[10]Logan and French, p. 94.

[11]Pacey, p. 68.

[12]Pacey, p. 71.

[13]Crawley, Intro., p. xi.

[14]Crawley, Intro., p. viii.

[15]Crawley, p. xi.

[16]Sorfleet, p. 132.

[17]Pacey, p. 69.

[18]Pacey, p. 70.

[19]Pacey, p. 69.

[20]Pacey, p. 70.

[21]Pacey, p. 70.

[22]Pacey, p. 71.

[23]T.G. Marquis, "English-Canadian Literature," rpt. in Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness; "English-Canadian Literature"/"French-Canadian Literature" (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1973), p. 548.

[24]Marquis, p. 548.

[25]Guttenberg, p. 42.

[26]Brady, p. 25.

[27]T.G. Marquis, Introduction to The Golden Dog (Toronto : Musson, [1925]), p. [5].

[28]Rhodenizer, note to Chapter 10, p. 271.

[29]Rhodenizer, p. 85.

[30]L.R. Early, "Myth and Prejudice in Kirby, Richardson, and Parker," Canadian Literature, no. 81 (Summer 1979), p. 24.

[31]Early, p. 28.

[32]Early, p. 28.

[33]Early, p. 29.

[34]Early, notes 1 and 2, p. 35.

[35]Northrop Frye, "Conclusion" to the Literary History of Canada (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1966), p. 841.

[36]Northey, p. 29.

[37]Northey, p. 27.

[38]Northey, p. 27.

[39]Northey, pp. 27-28.

[40]Northey, p. 32.

[41]Gilbert Parker, The Seats of the Mighty, introduced and abridged by Elizabeth Waterston (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1971).

[42]Elizabeth Waterston, Survey; A Short History of Canadian Literature (Toronto: Methuen, 1973), p. 70.

[43]Waterston, Survey, p. 39.

[44]Carl Berger, The Sense of Power: Studies in the Ideas of Canadian Imperialism 1867-1914 (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1970).

[45]It should be noted that several sketches from Sir James Le Moine's Maple Leaves inspired Kirby to write, and provided him with material for, The Golden Dog.

[46]Berger, p. 95.

[47]Berger, p. 95.

[48]Berger, p. 95.

Chapter V

[1]Hallvard Dahlie, "Strange Trafficking and Curious Merchandise: The State of Canadian Fiction," Inaugural Professorial Lecture in the Faculty of Humanities, University of Calgary, January 16, 1979 (Calgary: Faculty of Humanities, 1979), pp. 4-5.

[2]Berger, p. 178.

[3]Berger, p. 179.

[4]Wilfrid Eggleston, The Frontier and Canadian Letters (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1977), p. 3.

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APPENDIX ONE

The opening paragraphs of Chapter Five as they appear in the first edition of The Golden Dog (Lovell, 1877):

> MASTER Jean LE NOCHER, the sturdy ferryman's patience had been severely tried for a few days back, passing the troops of habitans over the St. Charles to the city of Quebec. Being on the King's corvee they claimed the privilege of all persons in the Royal service. They travelled toll-free, and paid Jean with a nod or a jest in place of the small coin which that worthy used to exact on ordinary occasions.
>
> This morning had begun auspiciously for Jean's temper, however. A king's officer on a grey charger, had just crossed the ferry; and without claiming the exemption from toll which was the right of all wearing the king's uniform, the officer had paid Jean more than his fee in solid coin, and rode on his way after a few kind words to the ferryman and a polite salute to his wife Babet, who stood courtesying at the door of their cottage.

The same paragraphs as they appear in the second edition of the novel (Page, 1897); Page has introduced a score of accidental alterations (which I have underscored):

> MASTER Jean Le Nocher the sturdy ferryman's patience had been severely tried for a few days back, passing the troops of habitans over the St. Charles to the city of Quebec. Being on the King's corvee, they claimed the privilege of all persons in the royal service: they travelled toll-free, and paid Jean with a nod or a jest in place of the small coin which that worthy used to exact on ordinary occasions.
>
> This morning had begun auspiciously for Jean's temper, however. A King's officer, on a gray charger, had just crossed the ferry; and without claiming the exemption from toll which was the right of all wearing the King's uniform, the officer had paid Jean more than his fee in solid coin and rode on his way, after a few kind words to the ferryman and a polite salute to his wife Babet, who stood courtesying at the door of their cottage.

The paragraphs as they appear in the third edition of the novel (Musson, 1922); there remain alterations, but significantly fewer than in the Page edition:

> MASTER JEAN LeNOCHER'S, the sturdy ferryman's, patience had been severely tried for a few days back, passing the troops of habitans over the St. Charles to the city of Quebec. Being on the King's corvee they claimed the privilege of all persons in the royal service. They travelled toll-free, and paid Jean with a nod or a jest in place of the small coin which that worthy used to exact on ordinary occasions.
>
> This morning had begun auspiciously for Jean's temper, however. A King's officer on a grey charger, had just crossed the ferry; and without claiming the exemption from toll which was the right of all wearing the King's uniform, the officer had paid Jean more than his fee in solid coin, and rode on his way after a few kind words to the ferryman and a polite salute to his wife Babet, who stood courtesying at the door of their cottage.

The paragraphs as they appear in T.G. Marquis's fourth edition (Musson, 1925); with the exception of the opening sentence, an alteration of his own, Marquis retains alterations which appear in both the third and second editions of the novel:

> THE patience of Master Jean Le Nocher, the sturdy ferryman, had been severely tried for a few days back, passing the troops of habitans over the St. Charles to the city of Quebec. Being on the King's corvee they claimed the privilege of all persons in the royal service. They travelled toll-free, and paid Jean with a nod or a jest in place of the small coin which that worthy used to exact on ordinary occasions.
>
> This morning had begun auspiciously for Jean's temper, however. A King's officer on a grey charger, had just crossed the ferry; and without claiming the exemption from toll which was the right of all wearing the King's uniform, the officer had paid Jean more than his fee in solid coin, and rode on his way after a few kind words to the ferryman and a polite salute to his wife Babet, who stood courtesying at the door of their cottage.

The paragraphs as they appear in Derek Crawley's sixth edition (McClelland and Stewart, 1969); they are an identical reprint of T.G. Marquis's fourth edition:

> The patience of Master Jean Le Nocher, the sturdy ferryman, had been severely tried for a few days back, passing the troops of habitans over the St. Charles to the city of Quebec. Being on the King's corvee they claimed the privilege of all persons in the royal service. They travelled toll-free, and paid Jean with a nod or a jest in place of the small coin which that worthy used to exact on ordinary occasions.
>
> This morning had begun auspiciously for Jean's temper, however. A King's officer on a grey charger, had just crossed the ferry; and without claiming the exemption from toll which was the right of all wearing the King's uniform, the officer had paid Jean more than his fee in solid coin, and rode on his way after a few kind words to the ferryman and a polite salute to his wife Babet, who stood courtseying at the door of the cottage.

APPENDIX TWO

"La Pompadour! La Pompadour!" Every tongue repeated the name, the goblets were drained to the bottoms, and a thunder of applause and clattering of glasses followed the toast of the mistress of Louis XV., who was the special protectress of the Grand Company -- a goodly share of whose profits in the monopoly of trade in New France was thrown into the lap of the powerful favorite.

"Come, Varin! your turn now!" cried Bigot, turning to the Commissary; "a toast for Ville Marie.! Merry Montreal! where they eat like rats of Poitou, and drink till they ring the fire bells, as the Bordelais did to welcome the collectors of the gabelle. The Montrealers have not rung the fire bells yet against you, Varin, but they will by and by!"

Varin filled his cup with an unsteady hand until it ran over, and, propping his body against the table as he stood up, replied: "A toast for Ville Marie! and our friends in need! -- the blue caps of the Richelieu!" This was in allusion to a recent ordinance of the Intendant, authorizing him to seize all the corn in store at Montreal and in the surrounding country -- under pretence of supplying the army, and really to secure the monopoly of it for the Grand Company." [sic]

The toast was drunk amid rapturous applause. "Well said, Varin!" exclaimed Bigot; "that toast implied both business and pleasure -- the business was to sweep out the granges of the farmers:

the pleasure is to drink in honor of your success."

"My foragers sweep clean!" said Varin, resuming his seat, and looking under his hand to steady his gaze. "Better brooms were never made in Besancon. The country is swept as clean as a ball room. Your Excellency and the Marquise might lead the dance over it, and not a straw lie in your way!"

"And did you manage it without a fight, Varin?" asked the Sieur d'Estebe, with a half sneer.

"Fight! Why fight? The habitans will never resist the King's name. We conjure the devil down with that. When we skin our eels we don't begin at the tail! If we did the habitans would be like the eels of Melun -- cry out before they were hurt. No! no! d'Estebe! We are more polite in Ville Marie. We tell them the King's troops need the corn. They doff their caps, and, with tears in their eyes, say, "Monsieur Le Commissaire, the King can have all we possess, and ourselves too, if he will only save Canada from the Bostonnais. This is better than stealing the honey and killing the bees that made it, d'Estebe!"

"But what became of the families of the habitans after this swoop of your foragers?" asked the Seigneur De Beauce, a country gentleman who retained a few honorable ideas floating on top of the wine he had swallowed.

"Oh! the families -- that is, the women and children, for we took the men for the army. You see, De Beauce," replied Varin, with a mocking air, as he crossed his thumbs like a peasant of Languedoc when he wishes to inspire belief in his word, "the families have to

do what the gentlemen of Beauce practise in times of scarcity -- breakfast by gaping! or they can eat wind like the people of Poitou. It will make them spit clean!"

De Beauce was irritated at the mocking sign and the proverbial allusion to the gaping of the people of Beauce. He started up in wrath, and striking his fist on the table,

"Monsieur Varin!" cried he, "do not cross your thumbs at me, or I will cut them off! Let me tell you the gentlemen of Beauce do not breakfast on gaping, but have plenty of corn to stuff even a Commissary of Montreal!"

The Sieur Le Mercier, at a sign from Bigot, interposed to stop the rising quarrel. "Don't mind Varin," said he, whispering to De Beauce; "he is drunk, and a row will anger the Intendant. Wait, and by and by you shall toast Varin as the chief baker of Pharoah, who got hanged because he stole the King's corn."

"As he deserves to be for his insult to the gentlemen of Beauce," insinuated Bigot, leaning over to his angry guest, at the same time winking good humoredly to Varin. "Come now De Beauce, friends all -- amantium irae, you know, which is Latin for love -- and I will sing you a stave in praise of this good wine, which is better than Bacchus ever drank." The Intendant rose up, and holding a brimming glass in his hand, chanted in full musical voice a favorite ditty of the day as a ready mode of restoring harmony among the company: --

"Amis! dans ma bouteille,
Voila le vin de France!" (Lov, 57-59)

APPENDIX THREE

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR

The Council now opened in due form. The Secretary read the Royal despatches, which were listened to with attention and respect, although with looks of dissent, in the countenances of many of the officers.

The Governor rose, and in a quiet, almost a solemn strain, addressed the Council "Gentlemen," said he, "From the tenor of the Royal dispatches, just ready by the Secretary, it is clear that our beloved New France is in great danger. The King, overwhelmed by the powers in alliance against him, can no longer reinforce our army here. The English fleet is supreme -- for the moment only, I hope --" added the Governor, as if with a prevision of his own future triumphs on the ocean. "English troops are pouring into New York and Boston, to combine with the militia of New England and the middle colonies in a grand attack upon New France. They have commenced the erection of a great fort at Chouagen, on Lake Ontario, to dispute supremacy with our stronghold at Niagara, and the gates of Carillon may ere long have to prove their strength in keeping the enemy out of the Valley of the Richelieu. I fear nor for Carillon, gentlemen, in the ward of the gallant Count de Lusignan, whom I am glad to see at our Council. I think Carillon is safe."

The Count de Lusignan, a grey-headed officer, of soldierly bearing, bowed low to this compliment from the Governor. "I ask the Count de Lusignan," continued the Governor, "what he thinks would result from our withdrawing the garrison from Carillon, as is suggested in the despatches?"

"The Five Nations would be on the Richelieu in a week, and the English in Montreal, a month after such a piece of folly on our part," exclaimed the Count de Lusignan.

"You cannot counsel the abandonment of Carillon, then, Count?" A smile played over the face of the Governor, as if he too felt the absurdity of his question.

"Not till Quebec itself fall into the enemy's hands. When that happens, His Majesty will need another adviser in the place of the old Count de Lusignan."

"Well spoken, Count! In your hands Carillon is safe, and will one day, should the enemy assail it, be covered with wreaths of victory, and its flag be the glory of New France. . . . Think you, you can hold Carillon with your present garrison?"

"Against all the force of New England. But I cannot promise the same against the English Regulars, now landing at New York."

"They are the same whom the king defeated at Fontenoy, are they not?" interrupted the Intendant, who, courtier as he was, disliked the tenor of the Royal despatches as much as any officer present -- all the more as he knew La Pompadour was advising peace out of a woman's considerations, rather than upholding the glory of France.

"Among them are many troops who fought us at Fontenoy. . . . ," replied the Count de Lusignan.

"Well, the more of them the merrier," laughed La Corne St. Luc. "The bigger the prize the richer they who take it. The treasure chests of the English will make up for the beggarly packs of the New Englanders. Dried stock fish, and eel skin garters, to drive away the rheumatism, were the usual prizes we got from them down in Acadia!"

"The English of Fontenoy are not such despicable foes," remarked the Chevalier de Lery. "They sufficed to take Louisbourg, and if we discontinue our walls, will suffice to take Quebec."

"Louisbourg was not taken by them, but fell through the mutiny of the base Swiss!" replied Bigot, touched sharply by any allusion to that fortress, where he had figured so discreditably; "the vile hirelings demanded money of their commander, when they should have drawn the blood of the enemy!" added he angrily.

"Satan is bold, but he would blush in the presence of Bigot," remarked La Corne St. Luc to an Acadian officer, seated next him. "Bigot kept the King's treasure, and defrauded the soldiers of their pay: hence the mutiny and the fall of Louisbourg."

"It is what the whole army knows," replied the officer. . . .

"I have served the King all my life," continued the Governor, "and served him with honor and even distinction; permit me to say this much of myself."

He spoke in a frank, manly way, for vanity prompted no part of

his speech. "Many great services have I rendered my country, but I feel that the greatest service I could yet do Old France or New, would be the planting of ten thousand sturdy peasants and artisans of France in the valley of the far West, to make its forests vocal with the speech of our native land."

"This present war may end suddenly; I think it will. The late victory at Lawfelt has stricken the allies under the Duke of Cumberland, a blow, hard as Fontenoy. Rumors of renewed negotiations for peace are flying thick through Europe. God speed the peacemakers, and bless them, I say! With peace comes opportunity. Then, if ever, if France be true to herself, and to her heritage in the New World, she will people the valley of the Ohio and secure forever her supremacy in America!"

"But our forts far and near must be preserved in the meantime. We must not withdraw from one foot of French territory. Quebec must be walled and made safe against all attack by land or water. I therefore will join the council in a respectful remonstrance to the Count de Maurepas, against the inopportune despatches just received from His Majesty. I trust the Royal Intendant will favor the council now with his opinion on this important matter, and I shall be happy to have the cooperation of His Excellency in measures of such vital consequence to the Colony and to France."

The Governor sat down, after courteously motioning the Intendant to rise and address the Council.

The Intendant hated the mention of peace. His interests and

the interests of his associates of the Grand Company were all involved in the prolongation of the war.

War enabled the Grand Company to monopolize the trade and military expenditure of New France. The enormous fortunes its members made and spent with such reckless prodigality would by peace be dried up in their source. The yoke would be thrown off the people's neck, trade would be again free.

Bigot was far-sighted enough to see that clamors would be raised and listened to in the leisure of peace. Prosecutions for illegal exactions might follow, and all the support of his friends at Court might not be able to save him and his associates from ruin -- perhaps punishment.

The Parliaments of Paris, Rouen and Brittany still retained a shadow of independence. It was only a shadow, but the fury of Jansenism supplied the lack of political courage; and men opposed the Court and its policy under pretence of defending the rights of the Gallic Church and the old religion of the nation.

Bigot knew he was safe so long as the Marquise de Pompadour governed the King and the Kingdom. But Louis XV. was capricious and unfaithful in his fancies; he had changed his mistresses and his policy with them many times, and might change once more, to the ruin of Bigot and all the dependents of La Pompadour.

Bigot's letters by the Fleur de Lys were calculated to alarm him. A rival was springing up at Court to challenge La Pompadour's supremacy. The fair and fragile Lange Vaubernier had already

attracted the King's eye; and the courtiers versed in his ways read the incipient signs of a future favorite.

. . . . The giddy Vaubernier was at this time gayly catching at the heart of the King; but her procedure filled the mind of Bigot with anxiety. The fall of La Pompadour would entail swift ruin upon himself and associates. He knew it was the intrigues of this girl which had caused La Pompadour suddenly to declare for peace in order to watch the King more surely in his palace. Therefore the word peace and the name of Vaubernier, were equally odious to Bigot, and he was perplexed in no small degree how to act.

Moreover, be it confessed, that although a bad man and a corrupt statesman, Bigot was a Frenchman, proud of the national success and glory. While robbing her treasures with one hand, he was ready with his sword in the other to give life and all in her defence. Bigot was bitterly opposed to English supremacy in North America. The loss of Louisbourg, though much his fault, stung him to the quick, as a triumph of the national enemy; and in those final days of New France, after the fall of Montcalm, Bigot was the last man to yield, and when all others counselled retreat, he would not consent to the surrender of Quebec to the English.

To-day, in the Council of War, Bigot stood up to respond to the appeal of the Governor. He glanced his eye coolly, yet respectfully, over the Council. His raised hand sparkled with gems, the gifts of courtiers and favorites of the King. "Gentlemen of the Council of War!" said he -- "I approve with all my heart of the words of His Excellency, the Governor, with reference to our fortifications

and the maintenance of our frontiers. It is our duty to remonstrate, as councillors of the King in the Colony, against the tenor of the despatches of the Count de Maurepas. The City of Quebec, properly fortified, will be equivalent to an army of men in the field, and the security and defence of the whole Colony depend upon its walls. There can be but one intelligent opinion in the Council on that point, and that opinion should be laid before His Majesty before this despatch be acted on."

"The pressure of the war is great upon us just now. The loss of the fleet of the Marquis de la Jonquiere, has greatly interrupted our communications with France, and Canada is left much to its own resources. But Frenchmen! the greater the peril, the greater the glory of our defence! And I feel a lively confidence," -- Bigot glanced proudly round the table at the brave, animated faces that turned towards him -- "I feel a lively confidence that in the skill, devotion and gallantry of the officers I see around this Council table, we shall be able to repel all our enemies, and bear the Royal flag to fresh triumphs in North America."

This timely flattery was not lost upon the susceptible minds of the officers present, who testified their approval by vigorous tapping on the table, and cries of "Well said! Chevalier Intendant!"

"I thank, heartily, the venerable Abbe Piquet," continued he, "for his glorious success in converting the war-like savages of the West, from foes to fast friends of the King; and, as Royal Intendant, I pledge the Abbe all my help in the establishment of his proposed Fort and Mission at La Presentation, for the purpose of dividing the

power of the Iroquois."

"That is right well said, if the devil said it!" remarked La Corne St. Luc, to the Acadian sitting next him. "There is bell-metal in Bigot, and he rings well, if properly struck. Pity so clever a fellow should be a knave!"

"Fine words butter no parsnips, Chevalier La Corne," replied the Acadian, whom no eloquence could soften. "Bigot sold Louisbourg!" This was a common but erroneous opinion in Acadia. . . .

The Intendant, after examining some papers, entered into a detail of the resources of the Colony, the number of men capable of bearing arms, the munitions and material of war in the magazines, and the relative strength of each district of the Province. He manipulated his figures with the dexterity of an Indian juggler throwing balls; and at the end brought out a totality of force in the Colony capable, unaided, of prolonging the war for two years, against all the powers of the English.

At the conclusion of his speech, Bigot took his seat. He had made a favorable impression upon the Council; and even his most strenuous opponents admitted that on the whole the Intendant had spoken like an able administrator and a true Frenchman.

(Lov, 129-137)

APPENDIX FOUR

CHAPTER LIII.

THE MARKET PLACE ON ST. MARTIN'S DAY.

The smoky fog which hung heavily over the city on the day of St. Martin lifted suddenly as the bells of the Cathedral ceased to chime. The sound of the organ, the chanting of litanies within the sacred edifice mingled with the voices and din of the great market hard by.

The sun shone large and ruddy through the hazy atmosphere of the Indian summer. A warm breeze swept over the great square, singing the requiem of Autumn among the dark boughs, where only a yellow leaf here and there dangled and fluttered in the wind. The rest of Summer's foliage lay heaped in nooks and corners of the streets whither it had been swept by the autumnal gales. The first frost had come and gone like the pinch of love, tinging the deciduous trees with a flush of fire and but leaving the dark pine woods and evergreens still darker amid the passing glory. . . .

A bustling, loquacious crowd of habitans and citizens, wives and maid-servants were buying, selling, exchanging compliments, or complaining of hard times. The market place was full, and all were glad at the termination of the terrible war, and hopeful of the happy effect of peace in bringing plenty back again to the old market.

The people bustled up and down, testing their weak purses

against their strong desires to fill their baskets with the ripe autumnal fruits and the products of field and garden, river and basse cour which lay temptingly exposed in the little carts of the marketmen and woman who on every side extolled the quality and cheapness of their wares. . . .

The drain of the war had starved out the butcher's stalls, but Indians and hunters took their places for the nonce with an abundance of game of all kinds, which had multiplied exceedingly during the years that men had taken to killing Bostonais and English instead of deer and wild turkeys.

The market abounded with the products of the chase by land and water. Wild geese, swans and canards on their passage from the Bay of Hudson and a thousand northern lakes, paid heavy toll on the battures of the Isle aux Grues and on the Canardiere, where they congregated in screaming thousands before the closing in of winter upon the St. Lawrence.

Fish was in especial abundance; the blessing of the old Jesuits still rested on the waters of New France, and the fish swarmed metaphorically with money in their mouths. . . .

There were sacks of meal ground in the Banal mills of the Seigneuries for the people's bread, but the old tinettes of yellow butter, the pride of the good wives of Beauport and Lauzon were rarely to be seen and commanded unheard-of war prices! The hungry children who used to eat tartines of bread buttered on both sides, were now accustomed to the cry of their frugal mother as she spread it thin as if it were gold leaf: "Mes enfants, take care of the butter!"

The Commissaries of the Army, in other words, the agents of the Grand Company had swept the settlements far and near of their herds, and the habitans soon discovered that the exposure for sale in the market of the products of the dairy, was speedily followed by a visit from the purveyors of the Army, and the seizure of their remaining cattle. . . .

At the upper angle of the square stood a lofty cross or holy rood, overtopping the low roofs of the shops and booths in its neighborhood. About the foot of the cross was a platform of timber raised a few feet from the ground, giving a commanding view of the whole market place.

A crowd of habitans were gathered round this platform listening, some with exclamations of approval, not unmingled on the part of others with sounds of dissent, to the fervent address of one of the Jesuit Fathers from the College, who with Crucifix in hand was preaching to the people upon the vices and backslidings of the times.

Father Goupion, the Superior of the order in New France, a grave saturnine man, and several other Fathers in close black cassocks and square caps, stood behind the preacher, watching with keen eyes the faces of the auditory as if to discover who were for and who were against the sentiments and opinions promulgated by the preacher.

The storm of the great Jansenist controversy, which rent the Church of France from top to bottom, had not spared the colony, where it had early caused trouble; for that controversy grew out of the Gallican liberties of the national Church and the right of national

participation in its administrations and appointments. The Jesuits ever fiercely contested these liberties, they boldly set the tiara above the crown, and strove to subordinate all opinions of faith, morals, education and ecclesiastical government to the infallible judgment of the Pope alone.

The Bishop and Clergy of New France had labored hard to prevent the introduction of that mischievious controversy into the colony, and had for the most part succeeded in preserving their flocks, if not themselves, from its malign influence. The growing agitation in France, however, made it more difficult to keep down troublesome spirits in the colony, and the idea got abroad, not without some foundation, that the Society of Jesus had secret commercial relations with the Friponne. This report fanned the mouldering fires of Jansenism into a flame visible enough and threatening enough to the peace of the church.

The failure and bankruptcy of Father Vallette's enormous speculations in the West Indies had filled France with bad debts and protested obligations which the Society of Jesus repudiated, but which the Parliament of Paris ordered them to pay. The excitement was immense all over the Kingdom and the colonies. On the part of the order it became a fight for existence.

The Jansenists and Molinists had long disputed the five theological propositions in terms that filled the vocabulary of invective with new-coined words of polemical warfare, and which afterwards supplied the fiery orators of the Revolution with an armory of sharpest weapons. In fine, the pens and tongues of the

rival controversialists set the whole Kingdom by the ears.

The position of the order was becoming daily more critical in France. They were envied for their wealth and feared for their ability and their power. The secular clergy were for the most part against them. The Parliament of Paris in a violent decree had declared the Jesuits to have no legal standing in France. The rising minister, the Duc de Choiseul, was bent upon suppressing them for their opposition to the modern philosophy. Voltaire and his followers, a growing host, thundered at them from the one side. The Vatican in a moment of inconsistency and ingratitude, thundered at them from the other. They were in the midst of fire, and still their ability and influence over individual consciences, and especially over the female sex, prolonged their power for fifteen years longer, when Louis XV., driven to the wall by the Jansenists, issued his memorable decree declaring the Jesuits to be rebels, traitors and stirrers up of mischief. The King confiscated their possessions, proscribed their persons, and banished them from the Kingdom as enemies of the state.

The dissolution of the order in France, was naturally followed by its dissolution in Canada, and the great College of Quebec, which had sent out scholars to teach the people, missionaries to convert the heathen, and martyrs to die for their faith, in every part of North America subject to France, became a barrack for English soldiers, and such it continued to our day! The Cross carved over the ancient gateway, with the sacred letters I H S and the crown of thorns surmounting the weather-vane upon the top of its highest pinnacle, alone remain to show the original purpose of that imposing

structure. But these trials were yet to come. The first rumbling of the distant storm was as yet only beginning to be heard in New France.

Padre Monti, an Italian newly arrived in the colony, was a man very different from the venerable Vimont and the Jogues and the Lallements, who had preached the Evangel to the wild tribes of the forest, and rejoiced when they won the crown of martyrdom for themselves.

Monti was a bold man in his way, and ready to dare any bold deed in the interests of religion, which he could not dissociate from the interests of his order. He stood up, erect and commanding, upon the platform under the Holy Rood, while he addressed with fiery eloquence and Italian gesticulation the crowd of people gathered round him.

The subject he chose was an exciting one. He enlarged upon the coming of Anti-Christ and upon the new philosophy of the age, the growth of Gallicanism in the colony, with its schismatic progeny of Jansenists and Honnetes Gens, to the discouragement of true religion and the endangering of immortal souls.

His covert allusions and sharp innuendoes were perfectly understood by his hearers, and signs of dissentient feeling were rife among the crowd. Still the people continued to listen on the whole respectfully, for whatever might be the sentiment of old France with respect to the Jesuits, they had in New France inherited the profound respect of the colonists, and deserved it.

The preacher, the better to excite the sympathy and enlist the prejudices of the people, launched out into a long allegory on the

suffering of Faith, which he described as Christ laid on the wayside, stripped, wounded, and half dead, like the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves.

Priest and Levite meaning the Jansenists and secular clergy, passed him by and went on the other side. The good Samaritan, meaning the Jesuit Fathers, had had compassion on him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and took him to the Inn, the Church, where they left him in charge of the host, with two-pence, the tithes and offerings of the faithful, to take care of him, with a promise to repay whatever was spent more.

"There were three crosses raised on Calvary," continued the preacher, "one for the impenitent thief who railed and was damned, one for the penitent thief who confessed his sin and supped with his Lord in Paradise; but Christ's cross alone is enough for us, let us embrace and kiss that!"

The preacher turned round and clasped the Holy Rood in his arms after the fervid manner of Italians, and all his hearers crossed themselves and repeated amen! He waited for the space of a miserere and went on.

"This is all we need to live by, and die by, Oh! my brothers! But do we live by it? We crucify our Lord daily by our trespasses and sins, but do we also crucify the thieves in our midst? The Jansenists who rob God of his honors, and man of the merits of his works! who cry grace! grace! when they should cry work and pray! pray and work and earn as faithful laborers -- God's hire if it be only a penny in the eleventh hour!"

"The Honnetes Gens rob God of his dues, and the king's subjects of their hearts, crying peace, peace, and withhold the tribute money of Caesar, the king's dues and taxes, and appeal to the Parliament of Paris not to register the decrees of our lawful authorities! The Jansenists and the Honnetes Gens sit on high seats and are protected and cherished in king's houses; yea! in castles!" The preacher glanced over his shoulder at the pinnacles of the Castle of St. Louis, visible above the housetops which intervened between it and the market place.

"No wonder charity waxeth cold in the rich, and the spirit of disobedience increaseth in the poor! These are pregnant signs of the consummation of the age, in which, if the days be not shortened, your house shall soon be left to you desolate!"

"The Jansenists and Honnetes Gens sit day after day in their seats like so many Pilates, asking -- 'what is Truth?' and disputing the decrees of the Church -- with threats to refer them to the Parliament of private judgment! Serpentes -- O! Genimina Viperarum! Quomodo fugictis a judicio Gehennae? O! generation of vipers! How will you escape the damnation of hell?"

"These are things, O, my hearers! to call down upon our heads the sword of St. Michael, more terrible than the sword of the English."

"The Scribes and the Pharisees of Jansenism no longer sit in Moses' seat, to despute the droit and the fait from the bocage of Port Royal which is covered with the ruins of their house and overgrown with nettles, docks, and all evil weeds -- the product of their five heresies, condemned like tares to everlasting fire, by the

anathema of the Vatican! But they disappear as Religieux, to reappear as politicians and Honnetes Gens! In the seditious parliaments of Paris and Rouen, and among the Bourgeois of the colonies, like the Golden Dog, they threaten to bite the good shepherds who take care of the flock of Christ!"

A commotion and cries of dissent broke from a portion of the crowd, but the intrepid Jesuit went on.

"The Jansenists build not the tombs of the prophets, but only the tomb of the anti-prophet, Diacre Paris, of St. Medard, where the uncanonized saint amid convulsions of men and women, wrought his two only miracles! The man who came to the tomb to pray for the restoration of his one broken leg, was carried out with two! and the woman, whom the uncanonized saint cured of an issue, went blind instead! The prayers of St. Paris are naught. God only heard them to their confusion."

A loud laugh followed this sally of the preacher, not at the irreverence of the remark, but at the defeat of the Jansenists, which showed that half the crowd of hearers at least, had no sympathy with the teachings of Port Royal.

The laugh, however, was met with many indignant denials, from another portion of the crowd, of the preacher's version of the miracles at the tomb of Diacre Paris. One side seemed as determined to believe, as the others were to dispute the genuineness of the miracles asserted to have been wrought there; a point which at that moment divided France itself into two uncompromising theological camps, to the intense delight of the Savans and philosophers who

ridiculed both sides, and religion itself. . . .

The market people pressed closer and closer round the platform, listening with mouths open, and eager eyes to the sermon, storing it away in their retentive memories, which would reproduce every word of it, when they sat round the fire-side in the coming winter evenings.

One or two Recollets stood at a modest distance from the crowd, still as statues, with their hands hid in the sleeves of their grey gowns, shaking their heads at the arguments, and still more at the invectives of the Preacher; for the Recollets were accused, wrongfully perhaps, of studying the five propositions of Port Royal, more than beseemed the humble followers of St. Francis to do, and they either could not or would not repel the accusation.

The Jesuits were not a little feared by the other religious orders, for their intellectual superiority -- their subtle spirit, and untiring perseverance, which by highways or by-ways never failed to achieve its objects. The Recollets were loved and not feared at all. Too much familiarity with all classes, especially with the poor, while it did not lessen the value of their labors, rubbed off some of the respect that was their due.

A proverb was current in the colony, that a fine pen-knife was needed to carve a Jesuit, a Priest required a sharp chisel, but an axe was good enough to block out a Recollet! yet, despite this homely opinion of the good brothers of St. Francis, they came closer to the people's hearts than any other of the religious orders.

"Padre Monti deserves the best thanks of the Intendant for this sermon," remarked the Sieur D'Estebe, to Le Mercier, who

accompanied him.

"And the worst thanks of His Excellency the Count! It was bold of the Italian to beard the Governor in that manner! But La Gallissoniere is too great a philosoph to mind a priest!" was the half-scoffing reply of Le Mercier.

"Is he? I do not think so, Le Mercier. I hate them myself, but egad! I am not philosoph enough to let them know it! One may do so at Paris, but not in New France. Besides, the Jesuits are just now our fast friends, and it does not do to quarrel with your supporters!"

"True, D'Estebe! we get no help from the Recollets. Look yonder at Brothers Ambrose and Daniel! they would like to tie Padre Monti neck and heels with the cords of St. Francis, and bind him over to keep the peace towards Port Royal! but the grey gowns are afraid of the black robes. Padre Monti knew they would not catch the ball when he threw it. The Recollets are all afraid to hurl it back."

. . . . I confess, Le Mercier, the Padre is a bold fellow to pitch into the Honnetes Gens the way he does. I did not think he would have ventured upon it here in the market, in face of so many habitans, who swear by the Bourgeois Philibert."

"O! it was quite time to check the prevailing murmurs of discontent, and give the Honnetes Gens a hint to moderate their hostility. Besides, the Jansenists are lifting their heads again in France, saucy as ever, and we are sure to feel the effects of it here. Don't you think so, D'Estebe?"

"Yes," replied Le Mercier, "they say the Parliament of Paris

and half the Court are Jansenists on all-fours, and that the overthrow of the Jesuits is a settled thing among the leading philosophs of Versailles. De Choiseul is the head and tail of the plot. His itching fingers long to touch the money bags of the Society of Jesus."

"It will be doomsday with the order, if De Choiseul get the upper hand," continued Le Mercier, "Nor are we much better off here. The Count has been fuming like the kitchen chimney of the castle, ever since he got wind of that affair at Ville Marie."

"What affair, Mercier?" added D'Estebe.

"Why, that affair of the comptoirs of the Demoiselle Desaulniers at Sault St. Louis. De Choiseul is making a handle of it, I assure you!"

"Oh! I heard of that from the Intendant. What a fruitful text to preach from! If the Recollets only had wit and courage, how they might retort. Eh, Le Mercier? but how did it leak out? That secret was supposed to be water and fire-proof. Those cursed old maids must have babbled as women will."

"No; the Demoiselles Desaulniers were tight as wax. They never told the secret. It was the Bourgeois Philibert, the Golden Dog, who nosed it out, as he does everything else to our disadvantage."

This was in allusion to an immense fur-trading establishment carried on in the mission at Sault St. Louis, in the name of a couple of maiden ladies of Montreal. The real owners of the establishment being certain Jesuit Fathers, who the better to secure their influence over the Iroquois of Caughnawaga and to stop their secret dealings with the English, erected these comptoirs at Sault St. Louis in the name of the Demoiselles Desaulniers.

The grand company encouraged this establishment, caring nothing for the religious considerations of the Jesuits, but hoped to secure the support of the order by allowing them a secret share in the fur trade.

During the war no controversy had been raised respecting that establishment, but with the advent of peace the sparks of discontent were blown speedily into a flame. . . .

The bold denunciations by the preacher against the Honnetes Gens and against the people's friend and protector, the Bourgeois Philibert, caused a commotion in the crowd of habitans, who began to utter louder and louder exclamations of dissent and remonstrance. A close observer would have noticed angry looks and clenched fists in many parts of the crowd, pressing closer and closer round the platform.

The signs of increasing tumult in the crowd did not escape the sharp eyes of Father Glapion, who, seeing that the hot-blooded Italian was over-stepping the bounds of prudence in his harangue, called him by name, and with a half angry sign, brought his sermon suddenly to a close. Padre Monti obeyed with the unquestioning promptness of an automaton. He stopped instantly, without rounding the period or finishing the sentence that was in his mouth.

His flushed and ardent manner changed to the calmness of marble, as lifting up his hands with a devout oremus, he uttered a brief prayer and left the puzzled people to finish his speech and digest at leisure his singular sermon.

"I do not care for the Jansenists. Our Cure says they are no better than Calvinists," remarked an old staid habitan to his

neighbor. "A good deed without a word spoken, is a better prayer for a Christian man than a shipload of sermons like the Padre's; but lo! they are all going back into the college."

"High time," was the reply, "High time. Broken heads would have been plentiful as potatoes in the market, had he continued to denounce the Honnetes Gens and the Golden Dog. If he had only continued to belabor the Jansenists, nobody could feel sorry. They can be kicked, for they have few friends. I mock at St. Paris, but neither do I believe in the Friponne."

"You say right, neighbor. The Jesuits are too learned for you and me. I am more afraid than fond of them. It would be long before a plain honest Recollet would bid us distrust the Honnetes Gens -- the people's friends -- or warn us against the bite of the Golden Dog."

"Pray, say not so, Jean Huot," said a quiet voice, while a gentle hand twitched his sleeve. It was the Recollet Brother Daniel. "We only teach you to fear God, to honor the King, and respect those in authority; to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness to all men. Our good Brothers the Jesuits teach you the same things, only they set greater store by the wise head than by the loving heart, unlike us poor Recollets who have only wisdom enough to know that charity never faileth, while knowledge vanisheth away, for though we have faith to remove mountains, and have not charity, we are nothing."

The soft words of Brother Daniel fell like oil upon the troubled waters. The angry crowd relaxed its pressure round the Holy Rood and dispersed through the market, carrying to every cart, stall

and group of people, a feeling of uneasiness, as if the troubles of the day were not over. The sermon had excited the people, and wherever a cluster of habitans or citizens got together, the Padre's bold attack upon the Governor and the Honnetes Gens was discussed with heat and acrimony.

The market was now thronged with people busily making their little purchases, and paying out their money with a careful hand, for the hard times severely pinched the purses and baskets of the poor.

(Lov, 592-604)